JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 5, 1935

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVIII.
1529.

SINISTER BOTTLE PARTIES SEE PAGES 22 & 23

JOHN BULL

Start the day the right way

Brylcreem is used regularly every day by millions of men, for they have proved its excellence for themselves and now they will not use anything else. Brylcreem gives a man that well groomed not gummed appearance, keeps the hair soft and supple, yet always under control. There are valuable tonic properties in Brylcreem that nourish the roots of the hair and provide lustrous healthy growth.

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Strong frame covered with 1in. weatherboarding. Glazed Window.

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4	3	5	15/6	2/6 1/7	6	4	7	25/6	3/6 2/6
4	4	6½	20/6	3/6 1/8	6	5	7	29/6	3/6 2/6
5	4	6½	22/6	3/6 1/10	6	6	7	33/6	4/6 3/6
6	4	6½	30/6	3/6 2/6	7	6	7	42/6	4/6 3/6
7	5	7	45/6	4/6 3/6	8	6	7	57/6	4/6 3/6
8	6	7	57/6	4/6 3/6	10	7	7	79/6	5/6 4/6
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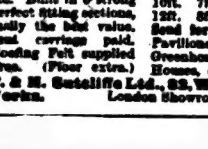

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EXPECTANT MOTH ERS. 30/- WILL PUT YOUR MIND AT REST BY SECURING THIS WONDERFUL COMPLETE WARDROBE. MAKE LAYETTE.

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long Clothes. 75 MAGNIFICENT GARMENTS Gns Winter or Summer Baby., Silk and Wool Shawl, Bab. Robes, Lawn or Woncy Day Gowns, Flannelette, Flan. or Woncy Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Bonb-Flannels, Hand-knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Binders, Trunk-Sets, Turk Bnghtes, etc., etc.

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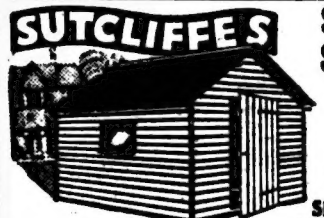

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Whatever your need, Thorns have the building you want! Made entirely with planed timber, too, and trebly strengthened with "Strongess" steel braced corners. The extra quality and finish cost no more and you can bolt together the sections yourself. All Fully Guaranteed, for Cash or on Confidential Terms. Send to-day for FREE Catalogue No. 46.

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4½ MILLION H.Samuel Watches Sold

The World's Great'st Watch Value.

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Garages £4-10-0. BUNGALOWS £15 To £300. Shops £9. Garages 9/6. Huts 17/6

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RESTORE Your RED TILES with CARDINAL

Cardinal Polish will give a beautiful rich, red tone to your Red Tiles and Red Composition Floors. Also gives a lovely red tone to dull grey concrete garden paths and front steps. Will not rub off. Made by the makers of Mansion Polish. Large Tins 7½d. and 1/3. *Of all dealers.*

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Don't scrap that old Gramophone. This D.V. Amplifier will make it absolutely like new. Amazing volume of sound, better tones. You won't recognise Records you thought finished—lovely dulcet notes you never got before. The D.V. Amplifier is Science's greatest discovery for the Gramophone. Any old (or new) Gramophone with a D.V. Amplifier will give entertainment equal to an expensive Radiogram. Send 6d. only, less Amplifier, then pay 1/- weekly (10/6 in all) or 9 to Cash with order. It still leads—you can select your own programme. And don't forget, send your 6d. to-day

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PARD	10	7 8	£4.9.6	6/9
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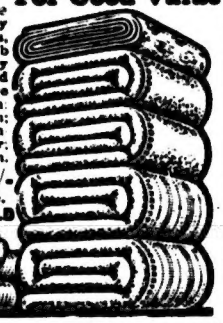

Two finest British pure White All Wool Blankets of lovely texture, with Blue borders, whipped ends 63 x 88in; 7½lb pair: Two All White luxury Fleecy Blankets with whipped ends, 60x90in, 4lb pr; Two pure White Pillow Cases, 20 x 30in: One Bolster Case, 20 x 60in; Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in, 4lb pair; One Alhambra Quilt, 73x94in. Complete. Carriage Paid. 3/6 Now, 3/6 Monthly. 42/-

Drapery Catalogue Free.

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RUBBER BOOTS

Safeguard your health and know what foot comfort really is. Keeps the feet cosy, warm and dry, as it is impossible for wet to penetrate. Stout rubber uppers, cosily lined with heavy duck, and hard-wearing rubber soles and heels: reinforced seams and toecaps. A sturdy hard-wearing boot yet pliable and comfortable. Every pair guaranteed to give months of wear. Recommended for all outdoor workers, Golf (to resist wet grass), Builders, Land Workers. Get a pair now & resist the dangers of wet feet. Sizes 6 to 11

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..IT'S QUICK WORK TO TRANSFORM A RILEY COMBINE.

Billiard and Dining Table for either purpose. Gives even the smallest home a dining and billiard room in one. The Riley Combine Table is offered in many beautiful designs, all sizes, in oak or mahogany. Prices from £22 10 0 upwards. Cash or easy payments. Write for art list.

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British Woollen garments well made with roll collar and long sleeves. Cosy and hard wearing. Usually 3/6, in Royal, Black, Navy, Brown, White, Canary, Maroon, Green, Greys, Fawn. Each Postage 4d. or C.O.D. 2/9

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Hundreds of Testimonials.

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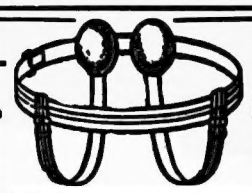

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We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Rupture Appliances. Consisting of a strong elastic body band fitted with soft unpenetrable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once stating size round body and whether left, right or double rupture.

A Customer writes:—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.*

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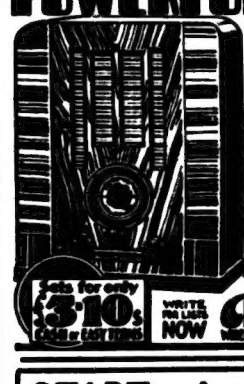

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My wonderful range of 1936 Wireless Sets is far in advance of all others, and MUCH LOWER IN PRICE. Ready to switch on, and CARRIAGE PAID

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WRITE TO-DAY NOW

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16/6 FULL SIZE BED CHAIR

or 18 weekly payments of 1/-.

Carr. & pack. Eng. and W., 2/6. 3 velvet cord cushions. ANY colour.

BED SETTEE 41 ins. wide.

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BOTH WITH SOLID OAK FRAMES, PAT. SPRING SEATS, AND TURNED LEGS.

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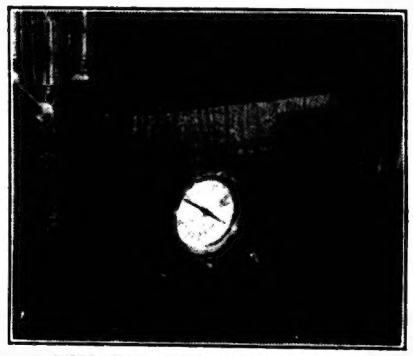

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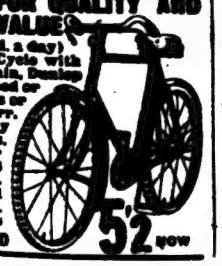

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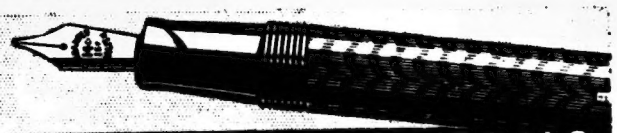

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JOHN BULL

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Slaves of the KINEMA

ABOUT one-half of the entire population of this country now visit the kinema every week. During the three hours these twenty million people spend amid the gilt and glitter of their favourite picture house, do they ever suspect that their ornate surroundings may be the tinsel drapings of a slave shop?

A great number of the kinema theatres of Britain, outside London, are, indeed, served by staffs whose conditions of employment are so bad that the bulk of the patrons of these places would not enter them if they were aware of the truth.

There is a special reason for making known some of the facts at the present time. It is that the kinema owners in London and the Home Counties, by means of the machinery of a Joint Conciliation Board, have just, after three years of negotiations, entered into an amicable agreement with representatives of their workers by which the conditions of the latter have been immensely improved.

In the rest of the country, however, a large section of the exhibitors remain obdurate and callous. Their attitude is that they have always been able to obtain the cheapest labour and to impose the longest working week known in any industry, and that they will fight to the uttermost to continue doing so.

MUCH better although the conditions of kinema workers in London and district will be in the future, it is admitted by the Conciliation Board which has made this possible that there is still room for improvement, and a plan of harmonious co-operation which has been evolved provides for greater improvements being introduced.

Not only has a decent scale of wages for all grades of workers been generally applied, but the hours of work have been reduced from 75 and 70 to 55 and 50 per week, and special provision has been made for generous payment for overtime, holidays and Sunday labour.

But no section of the entertainment industry has ever imposed conditions upon its workers so harsh as those still being enforced in certain provincial kinemas. The tragic conditions are due almost wholly to the fact that less than 8 per cent. of the workers are organised, and that when they do attempt to take joint action against unscrupulous employers they are subjected to victimisation of the most ruthless kind.

In some kinemas, the girls and women, usually provided with ornamental dress, who usher the patrons to their seats, sell refreshments and do similar work, do not receive more than 7s. 6d. for a working week of from 70 to 80 hours. Sometimes their wage is even less.

But the qualifications demanded of all of them are that they must have an elegant deportment and always be smiling and courteous towards the clients of the theatre.

They are dismissed on the smallest pretext, but the bad employers seem able to replace them, even under these awful conditions, without difficulty.

The savage manner in which they can be treated may be apparent from this case. A widow with two children, whose husband had been killed in a street accident for which no compensation was paid, was compelled to take employment in a kinema at 8s. per week with a working day of twelve and a half hours—about a penny farthing per hour.

At the close of the performance one night the manager summoned her to his office. She stood before him, a pathetic figure in a uniform of gold and green, her face stained with tears.

It had been reported to him, the manager said, that she had been observed to be crying while the show was in progress. The young widow sobbed out her explanation. It was that her baby was very ill at home, and during the evening her other child had brought to her at the kinema a message from the doctor that the condition of the infant was becoming grave, together with a prescription for medicine which was urgently necessary.

SHE had wept because she had no money with which to buy the medicine.

The manager brutally told her that he had no place in his establishment for female attendants who cried.

Their distress, he said, was likely to have a bad effect upon patrons if it was observed. He told her to remove her uniform and not to return next day.

Notwithstanding this curt dismissal, a smile of happiness came into the woman's face. She would, she thought, at least get the two days' pay owing to her—2s. 8d.—with which she would be able to procure the needed medicine from the all-night chemist.

She was disappointed. The manager said he could not pay wages in mid-week, and instructed her to call for the small sum owing to her on the following Saturday, four days later. Before then the baby was dead.

Men attendants at many provincial kinemas are paid little more than 25s. per week, also for a working week approaching 80 hours. In the mornings, before they don their sumptuous uniforms, they have to act as cleaners, and they do all kinds of odd jobs when the show is over. They have also to possess a complete knowledge of fire control and of the methods of handling a crowd in emergency.

Too often the appearance of the kinema attendant in his pretentious dress is sadly deceptive. He is not always the stalwart, well-fed fellow that he appears to be.

KINEMA proprietors in some cases require him to stuff his waistline and pad his shoulders and chest. The make-up may conceal a figure shrunken by want.

The male attendant also gets no second chance. He is usually dismissed at a moment's notice when a client makes the slightest complaint, without any enquiry into the justification for it.

It is the rule of the kinema that the patron is always right.

So low is the general standard of employment in certain provincial picture houses that in numbers of them the projectionists and electricians, who are the key men of the theatre, do not obtain more than 30s. a week.

The girls and women who serve in the pay-box are also, frequently, grossly underpaid. There are cases in which they are paid only a shilling per night.

In the kinemas owned by the principal circuits, and by most of the large independent exhibitors, the conditions are, of course, much superior to those described, and the proprietors willingly conform to standards such as those set by the National Association of Theatrical Employees.

JOHN BULL has a suggestion to make to those employers in the kinema industry who give their workers proper wages and conditions, and who suffer by the unfair competition of the niggardly exhibitors.

It is that for a period they should state this fact on the screen and in their public announcements.

It will be good business for them. The public will not for long give its patronage to places of entertainment which are served by slaves.

The picture we'd like to see shown

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Wanted!—A Verdict Against Amateur Justices

WILL the Law Society take action at last against the scandal of incompetent and aged J.P.s?

Will it urge the need for a drastic revision of our present system of summary jurisdiction—not only as it affects criminal cases but motoring offences as well?

The society has just listened to an outspoken speech by one of its members which echoes the criticisms we have been making for years.

A Leeds solicitor, he protested against the "local butcher and baker" being vested with the powers of a judge. He emphasised that, though they may be men of common-sense, they have no legal training or experience, and probably owe their appointments as magistrates to some service given to a political party.

Stupid injustices

He agreed with JOHN BULL that the remedy is to attach a stipendiary magistrate—a trained lawyer—to each police court. Only by such means, indeed, shall we see an end to the cruel and stupid injustices which result from the legal ignorance of our lay magistrates.

But we must insist that even this necessary reform would be insufficient.

Motoring cases, in particular, should be removed from the ordinary police courts.

Motoring courts

We believe that few people will agree with that other legal speaker of the week who asserts that motorists cannot ask for fairer treatment than they receive at present.

All drivers have justly been demanding something fairer for a long time.

They should not be compelled to wait long hours in the courts, and perhaps have to sacrifice a day's pay, before their technical breaches of the law are heard by magistrates who may have no experience of motoring.

Enquiry needed

There are other grave complaints which require prompt and thorough attention. We should like to see an official commission set up to consider how the obsolete and cumbrous methods of summary jurisdiction can best be adapted to modern requirements.

It is, at any rate, good to know that so high an authority as Sir Reginald Poole, ex-President of the Law Society, has brought the criticisms of the Leeds solicitor before the notice of the Master of the Rolls.

Latest round-up

And it's good news that London authorities are starting a campaign against butchers who sell Argentine meat as English or Empire.

It may be some satisfaction to know that such shopkeepers are in the minority. But it will be more satisfactory when the minority is forced into line with the majority.

Ruinous clubs

Still, there are very many shopkeepers who deserve our sympathy. They are victims of unfair competition from factory and office clubs, which can afford to sell goods slightly cheaper than the usual price because they have no overhead expenses to maintain.

The workers who run them are not only earning their own living, but taking away the living of decent traders, as a shopkeeper writes when entering our great Window Dressing Contest.

In our view, they are as much to be banned as the "cut-price" gentry.

Cheapness pays

In our recent series of articles on electricity anomalies, we suggested that the lowering of tariffs would actually increase the profits of the electricity companies.

Some experts sneered. But the Mountain Ash Electricity Department recently lowered the tariff so that it became the cheapest in Britain. It meant a gift to consumers of about £4,000.

But it also resulted in an immediate increase of consumers; while it is expected that next year profits will be greater than ever before.

Clubs that Ruin Shopkeepers

Why Football Teams Go Down

What we'd whisper in his ear is: "Get off the Bench!"

Tied by tyranny

We can find no excuse for the impudent "self-protection" tactics of some Lincolnshire farmers. They demand that no son, daughter or wife of a farm worker living in a "tied cottage" may work anywhere but on the farm without permission!

The tyranny of serfdom dies hard on the land. Must more centuries drag by before it receives its death-blow?

On the shelf

Meanwhile, another relic of the bad old days—the tithe injustice—is in the news again. Angry Kent farmers, after a distraint sale, lit a huge bonfire before a rectory and released sheep that had been seized.

They warn us that such scenes will continue until they achieve victory.

Well, they will have to wait a long time. We predict that no report will be issued by the Tithes Commission until after the General Election, and then it will be shelved until another election draws near.

Lining their pockets—

Incidentally, many parts of the country are faced with the prospect of higher rates to pay for development schemes. These schemes enhance the value of the land, so that while the ratepayers have to bear the cost, the benefit goes into the pockets of the landowners and speculators.

Quite rightly, local councils are asking Mr. Chamberlain to alter the law so that they may levy rates on land values. Having said "No" before, it is hardly likely that he will agree now.

—at public expense

Meanwhile, landowners are not even paying their ordinary rates. By getting their property classified as agricultural, they enjoy it rate free under one of Mr. Chamberlain's statutes.

Thus the Government is actually helping them to exploit the community.

Slum factories

Now that we are setting about slum houses, what about slum factories?

Anyone with eyes to see must be aware of their existence. In London you may see from certain windows pale-faced girls working in overcrowded rooms which lack safety exits.

And in many of our industrial towns conditions are still worse.

Unsafe

You may ask what the Home Office is doing about it.

Well, at an inquest on girl victims of a Sheffield factory fire the district inspector admitted that in view of what happened he didn't think the works concerned had been safe.

And the president of the local trades council, Mr. A. E. Hobson, says worse of other places in the same town. "Death traps and rabbit warrens" he calls them.

Home for Darby and Joan

But Brentwood Council is starting a new kind of housing scheme that wins our admiration—a small estate consisting entirely of small bungalows for old couples.

Each dwelling will have one bedroom, a sitting-room, kitchen and small garden. Rents are to be kept down to the minimum and none but the old will be allowed to occupy the homes.

Football fumblings

Thousands of football enthusiasts throughout Britain are wondering why their favourite teams are showing such weird form.

Here is the main cause: club directors in many cases do not leave the managers to do their jobs. And though a manager can handle a set of players, he cannot control a set of directors who insist on interfering.

At board meetings a director may bully the manager to include a certain man in the first team. The manager, with his broader and keener knowledge, refuses. Should the team be beaten, the official has a bad time at the next board meeting.

Big fees wasted

If the manager is strong enough he will persist in having his own way, but few of them are able to out-talk the sarcasm of men who can cancel his contract or make it so uncomfortable for him that he will feel compelled to resign.

Directors have been responsible for paying big fees for players against the managers' advice. It is hardly likely that, when it is proved on the field that the money has been wasted, they will climb down.

Yet they agree to pay the manager because he has superior knowledge. Unfortunately, some of them have not the wisdom to make use of his experience.

The Fragrant Minute

IAN

IAN, Granny says, is wise, though he's only three-year size. On his forehead three curls gleam, in his eyes two bright stars beam. Spaniel Max is his great friend—where he goes, there Max must wend.

"Wonderful" is this small boy; gives his Granny untold joy. On Aunt Gladys he just dotes, and Uncle Fred gets lots of votes! Ian has a little gun, spaniel Max thinks it's great fun when Ian shoots with right good will, and Max flies off to fetch the "kill."

It's nothing but a game, I know, but oh I pray that he will grow, this Ian babe, into a man who realises that God's plan is peace and love, not war and hate—pray he know this at man's estate. For now, says Granny, he's so wise, chubby Ian, three-year size.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Broken heart?

When Thomas Johnson, a Walsall ex-Service man, died the other day, the coroner's jury found that he had succumbed to "acute pneumonia, accelerated by old pulmonary tuberculosis." It wouldn't have surprised us if it had declared him to have died of a broken heart.

He joined up in December, 1914; was discharged in 1919 as physically unfit. Unable to work because of his chest trouble, he was granted a pension of 50s. a week.

Vindicated

This was later reduced to 32s.; then, after the case had gone to the House of Lords tribunal, to 10s. a week for life. And, though he was still unable to work, that was all.

It was a fine impulse which prompted the coroner to add to his verdict that Thomas Johnson died from a disease "arising from war service."

That will at least acquit him of having made any undue claim upon his country's gratitude.

One man, one epidemic

It is officially reported that a cowman with a sore throat was responsible for the outbreak of scarlet fever at Chelmsford which, in four weeks, resulted in 500 cases. A terrible illustration of how one sick man can start an epidemic!

But the remedy is not easy to obtain.

Safety first?

It would be well if those in contact with foodstuffs absented themselves from work when unwell. It would also be in the best interests of the community, as doctors constantly tell us, if we all stayed in bed when we caught cold.

But most of us obstinately insist on "carrying on," and a lot of employers fear that the remedy would lead to malingering.

So our only hope apparently lies in a change of human nature.

Councillors are different

We continue to receive complaints regarding the gross favouritism shown in the letting of council houses.

At Tipton, Warwickshire, there are said to be married couples with seven children living in one room. Yet the council has let a house containing three bedrooms to one of its own members who has a single child.

It is said that councillors are entitled to a little preference. We wonder how many of them will have the courage to make this claim in their next election addresses!

No wireless

There should be some blunt questioning at the enquiry into the loss of the motor-ship *Joseph Medill*, which disappeared on her maiden voyage from Newcastle to Montreal with a crew of sixteen. By special permission of the Board of Trade, she was allowed to face that 3,000-mile trip in the gale season without wireless.

We shall be interested to hear the Board's defence for that strange decision.

Now he knows

Mr. Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Education, has just returned from a South Wales tour.

At Trehafod he was shown a school which has sunk below the level of the adjacent river.

We have referred to this dangerous building before. Perhaps something will be done about it now that Mr. Stanley has seen it for himself.

Bishops on the War Path

The Bishop of Winchester will preside over a meeting which will reveal "a tremendous awakening in the Anglican mind"

by a MODERN CHURCHMAN

NEXT week, down at Bournemouth, the Church of England, led by the bishops, will confront the chaos of modern world politics and try to hammer out some ideas by which Christian people may guide themselves.

Do not smile at this. The decay and aloofness of the Church are constantly deplored by those who never trouble to go to its services.

Many parsons, I know, are utterly out of touch with life, living way back in the eighteenth century. The bishops, with their aprons, their gaiters and their seats in the House of Lords, are the butt of plenty of good-natured fun. To many of us the Church seems the last place from which to expect sound sense about Fascism, Communism, the League of Nations, Sanctions or world economics.

Yet these are the subjects to which the Sixty-Fifth Church Congress is going to devote itself when it opens on October 8.

It shows what a tremendous change and awakening is going on inside the Anglican mind. It proves that the Church has shaken off its old torpid self-satisfaction, that it is eager to meet the challenge of modern life, and do something about the immense new problems that have arisen since the last Congress was held seven years ago.

Discussing the portent of this Congress the other day, one of the chief official dignitaries of the Free Churches said to me: "I am more than ever convinced that the most remarkable event in English religious life during the past fifty years has been the gradual reawakening of the Church of England. I dare not say this publicly. My own people would be so very hurt. But it is quite true."

This Bournemouth Congress, moreover, cannot be criticised as sectional or unimportant.

Both archbishops and the primates of Scotland and Wales are patrons. Forty-one bishops lend their active support.

The whole resources of the Diocese of Winchester, in which Bournemouth lies, are mobilised to make the thing a success.

Lord Jellicoe, Sir Thomas Inskip (the Attorney-General), Sir Henry Page-Croft, Lord Carnarvon (the famous gentleman jockey), the Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey, Admiral Sir Reginald Hall and the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth—to take representative names at random—are all actively engaged in it.

NOW what are all these earnest people really trying to do? "Christianity in the Modern State" is the general subject for discussion, and this is how the Bishop of Winchester, as President, puts the problem:—

> "The increased powers and claims of the modern State constitute the most formidable problem of our time. Not only does the modern State make unparalleled demands upon . . . individuals within its boundaries, but . . . it has unprecedented weapons . . . for moulding its citizens into harmony with the views which are held by the Party which controls . . . the Government. . . . Already in some countries conflict has arisen between the State and the Church, and in our own country at any time the State might attempt to solve practical problems in connection with education, family life and health in a way which would bring it into opposition with Christian teaching."

Plainly the bishop has recent events in Germany, Italy and Russia particularly in mind, and in his statement he speaks the thoughts of the whole Church.

The real issue before the Congress is Christian Liberty versus Dictatorship in any shape or form. And it is good to know that the Congress will emphasise, very clearly and unmistakably, that the Church of England stands for Liberty. In fact, Liberty of Conscience will be the keynote of the Bishop of Winchester's presidential address which opens the discussions.

The really crucial debates, however, take place on Wednesday and Thursday, October 9 and 10. Then the Bishop of Chichester, who has made many visits to Germany specially to study the Nazi regime, will read a paper on "Christianity and the Totalitarian State," followed by a speech from Lord David Cecil, son of the Marquess of Salisbury and nephew of Viscount Cecil.

LORD DAVID is one of the most acute young Dons at Oxford. His whole breeding and traditions are in the Cecil mould of Liberty and Pacifism. He will give a lead for Liberty to young Churchpeople.

"What rights have individuals or voluntary societies against the State? At what point and how should the Church resist the claims of the totalitarian state?" These are the sort of questions which, it is officially stated, the Bishop and Lord David will answer.

From Fascism the Congress will pass to Communism. Dr. Ernest Barker, perhaps the most learned living English historian, will speak on "Christianity and Economics," and he will be followed by a paper on "Marxian Communism: A Rival Religion."

It is certain that a good deal of nonsense will be aired at this session of the Congress. Churchmen, confronted by Fascism, can give a reasoned reply to its challenge. They can say why and how they decide that Hitler and Mussolini are wrong. But the spectacle of Communism established in Russia excites many of them to mere sweeping denunciation.

The reason for this, I think, is that anti-Communist propaganda has so long and so persistently put across the idea that every Communist must be an utterly immoral and cruel reprobate. Anti-Fascist propaganda, on the other hand, has generally contented itself with facts—they have been lurid enough by themselves.

Now the Communist experiment in Russia certainly exhibits many and grave defects. It is intolerant and hostile to the Christian Church as Russia knows it. It curtails liberty in a way which English people would not tolerate. It tries to make Marxism a religion. But its material achievements are a solid fact, which, however inconvenient, will not be dissipated by the denunciations of the Bournemouth Congress.

Some of the speakers recognise this, as do many other progressive Churchmen, who are prepared to make an attempt to persuade the rabid anti-Russians to adopt a more sensible attitude.

Before it leaves foreign affairs and turns to Britain's many domestic problems, the Congress will discuss the urgent matter of the League of Nations. "Dick" Sheppard and Viscount Cecil are to be the main speakers, and they will put their own arguments for the League as the world's only safeguard against war.

"Dick" Sheppard, of course, is against all sanctions which mean bloodshed. He supports the League, but, like George Lansbury, he will not support any military action against a nation declared an aggressor by the League. Viscount Cecil, of course, stands for the whole Covenant of the League.

In view of the Abyssinian crisis, this will be the most crucial session of the Congress. Will the Church of England declare itself for "Dick" Sheppard or Viscount Cecil? For Sanctions or for Christian Pacifism?

THE official view of the Congress organisers is that Sanctions will win. But I am not so sure. "Dick" Sheppard has a tremendous hold over his fellow Churchmen. He will make one of the speeches of his life if his frail health allows him.

The issue is very doubtful. But, whichever way it is decided, the Congress will certainly give the strongest moral support to the stand which the Government—better late than never—has made against Italian aggression at Geneva.

Turning to home problems, the Conference will discuss unemployment, the hardships of boys and girls turned adrift from school with no prospect of finding work, slums, modern morality, maternal mortality and the Means Test.

This emphasis on social evils shows how much ideas are changing in the Church. The old attitude that the condition of life to which we are called is the will of God, to be borne with Christian resignation, seems nothing short of a blasphemy to the modern parson. He believes that these evils are sins for which the whole community is responsible, stumbling-blocks and temptations placed by the nation in the path of the unfortunate thousands who cannot escape them.

Of course, very many still cling to the old way of thinking. But, converted by what they see each day in poor parishes, a number of speakers are going to Bournemouth determined to shock the comfortable by telling them exactly how their fellow-citizens are forced to exist.

All this, I think, is a sign of a new revival in the Church of England, not just of emotional "soul-saving," but of sober intention to get in touch with the problems of the modern world and help to find their solution.

The VILLAGE

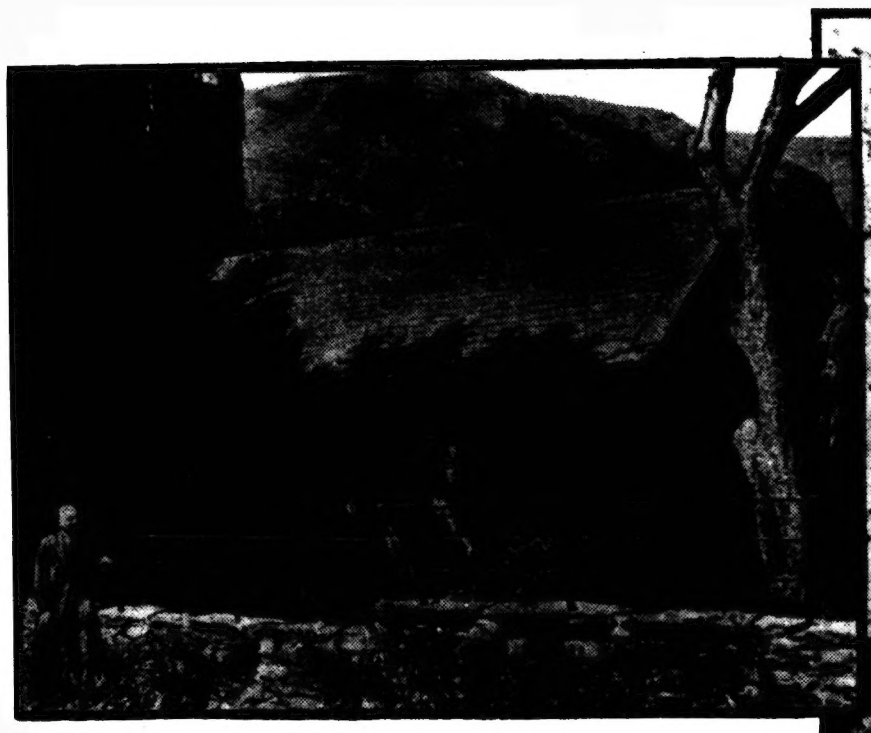
SO that the City of Manchester can have a bigger water supply, the little village of Mardale, one of the beauty spots of the Lake District, is sentenced to be drowned. The march of Progress demands it.

The farmers must abandon their farms. Hundreds of acres of rich pasture and arable land must be sacrificed. Cattle and sheep will have to be sold unless other suitable farms can be secured before the final order comes to evacuate.

Yet until now, when it deals this one terrific blow and wipes out the whole of the village, Time has been very kind to Mardale.

For hundreds of years it has stood, at the head of Haweswater, almost untouched. The whitewashed farmhouses stand, to-day, exactly as they were when they were first built all that long time ago.

So does the miniature church—perfect in every detail, but built to hold only about thirty people.



The miniature old church at Mardale, surrounded by yew trees 800 years old, will be destroyed when the dale is flooded. Souvenir hunters are busy trying to secure mementoes. Says Miss Kitching, who is seventy-five: "We cannot bear to talk about it."

Tragic parting

Since that day in 1203 when one Sir Hugh Holmes, a knight fleeing from the wrath of King John, sought shelter in the secluded dale and founded the village, the long march of civilisation has passed it by. Now at last it has arrived, with cranes and dynamite, and all the paraphernalia of modern engineering, to build a dam across the outlet of Haweswater which will raise the level of the lake 90 feet.

Then water will flow over the beautiful little dale. The farms, the church, the schoolhouse, the old inn—all will be submerged.

And the people who must leave their homes? How do they feel? Where will they go?

To some the last farewells, when they come to be said, will be heartbreaking, tragic.

There are the Kitchings, who have lived on Measand Beck Farm "for nigh on ninety year."

Mr. Tom Kitching is now an old man of seventy or more—tall and thin, with a grave face, but kindly nevertheless. See him at dusk coming down over the fells after tending his sheep. A solitary figure, stick in hand, with his dog at his heels.

He is a man of few words, as men so often are who have spent their lives in solitary places. He finds it difficult to express all he really feels about having to leave the farm which was his birthplace, has always been his home, and is still his livelihood.

"There'll be other places, I suppose," he says, and lapses again into silence. But in that silence is a depth of feeling no words could express.

It is the silence of a man resigned to fate, a man for whom you know quite well there never can be any "other place."

At seventy such a man cannot take fresh root. You cannot tear up an old oak and then expect to transplant it. Some of the villagers say he will retire. But he says nothing about it himself. So far he has made no effort to find that "other place," as though he hoped, desperately, that some miracle would happen and he would not have to go after all.

He will talk more freely, however, about the effect of the flooding on the beauty of the dale. "When the water comes up," he says, "Mardale will be ruined as a beauty spot." The soft green of meadow, hedge and trees will be gone, leaving only the harsh fells.

Of his twelve sons and daughters six still live on the farm. Lennox, the eldest of those at home, is married and has two children. He lives in a cottage less than 100 yards away.

"We don't know yet when we are going and we have no place," he said. "Officials from Manchester Corporation are coming to see father. We are hoping that we may possibly be allowed to remain on for four or five years longer. It's hardest on father.

"We can start again and my kiddies will never feel it, but father has spent his life here."

Miss Doris Kitching keeps house for her father and the four unmarried brothers who live at home. Two of her sisters, Maria and Rosemary, are married and live in Bampton, a neighbouring village. Another brother, Bernard, is married and lives at Appleby, a little farther away.

Silent about it

Mrs. Kitching died sixteen years ago when Margaret, the youngest, was six months old. The baby was brought up by an aunt who lives at Grasmere. She has just won a scholarship which takes her to school at Ambleside.

A little up the hillside from Measand Beck stands another farmhouse. Here lives Miss Kitching, a sister of "Tom" and now the oldest surviving member of the family.

She is tall and thin, like her brother, but less reserved. "We are the only two left out of eight, my brother and I," she told me.

"Mother and father came to Measand when they were first married. They came from Kentmere, not far from Ambleside."

When I asked her where she would go when she had to leave Mardale, she replied: "I don't know. My brother doesn't like to speak about it much. It seems to upset him and so I never mention it. But I'll do whatever he thinks best. He'll perhaps find it not so easy to find another farm, one not too high-rented.

"I'm all by myself now, since Janey died last year, and I'm seventy-five this birthday.

Never seen London

"When Janey was alive we used to have people come and stay during the summer. Janey did the cooking and I did the housework.

"Dean Inge and his family have stayed here. They call him Gloomy Dean, but he's not gloomy. Not with his family, anyway. He and Mrs. Inge loved Mardale, and Miss Margaret and Master Richard stayed here only two or three years ago.

"The Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Barnes, has also stayed with us, and so has the Bishop of Croydon and his family."

Miss Kitching has never been to London. "But I'd go even now if I had the chance," she says.

About a mile and a half along the road from Measand is the schoolhouse. This is "modern" compared with the rest of the village, for the first school was established in the eighteenth century.

The school has been closed now for a couple of years, when Miss Forster, the schoolmistress, retired. The children

Learn as You Go!

THE HUMAN MACHINE

IN the days of Napoleon a man once congratulated a great French Marshal on his good luck and his great possessions. The Marshal smiled grimly.

"You envy me, do you?" he said. "Well, I'll make you an offer. You shall have all I've got, and at a much less price than I paid for them. Come out into the courtyard, and I will fire at you with a gun twenty times at thirty paces. If I don't kill, you shall have everything I've got."

The man demurred. "What?" cried the old Marshal, "you won't? All right; but remember, my friend, that I've been shot at more than a thousand times, and much nearer, before I reached the position in which you now find me!"

Think of that little story next time you feel inclined to envy someone his success. It is always easy to see the end at which someone has arrived. What is not so easy is to guess the struggles, and the difficulties, and the hardships that have had to be overcome before that end could be reached.

But make no mistake about it. Those struggles and difficulties were there in every case. And so were the doggedness, the tenacity, the hope and the conviction without which those difficulties could never have been overcome.

If there were no difficulties there would be no need of effort. If we did not put out energy and effort we should sink into apathy and dullness. Men live and grow great by overcoming obstacles—not by vegetating in bovine idleness.

Moreover, strange though it may sound to those who have never thought about it, men who have reached the top have mostly got there not by succeeding, but by failing. For failure is life's best discipline—as long as we are willing to learn its lessons, as long as we have the wit to see that we don't make the same mistakes a second time!

SENTENCED to be DROWNED

now go by car to school in Bampton, about three miles away.

But Miss Forster still lives on in the schoolhouse. "I haven't any idea when I shall have to go," she said, "because I rent the house from the Manchester Corporation on a monthly tenancy. They can give me a month's notice at any time and I can do the same.

"Of course, I shall remain here as long as possible. I have lived here now for forty-four years. I came here as a young girl, and my mother and father came to live with me. They both died here and are buried in the churchyard.

"I love the little dale, but one mustn't be sentimental about leaving it. I have taught two generations of the families here, and one naturally gets attached to them. Now I am quite alone, but my niece often comes and brings a friend for the week-end.

"All the same, I am never lonely here. We never think of being lonely in the dale. There is always some change going on outside, always something different.

"Real" comfort

"People talk about wanting to go to the kinema. Why, here we have a new film every day. And in the winter-time you have a good fire, you light the lamp, draw up your chair and, with a good book, what more do you want?

"The one thing that troubles me is the removal of my parents from the churchyard.

"All the graves will be emptied, the tombstones removed, and the remains buried elsewhere. Unless relatives desire otherwise, the remains will automatically go to Shap.

"I have no association with Shap and would prefer that my mother and father should go to Thursby, near Carlisle, in Cumberland, where other relatives are buried.

"The Corporation will allow £15 for each reburial, I understand, but I am afraid they may expect me to make the necessary arrangements, and I do not feel able to do that. So I have written to ask them if they will do it all for me. I have not had a reply to my letter yet, but I am hoping that they will do it for me."

Farms scarce

As she walked with a JOHN BULL representative a little way along the road, Miss Forster looked over the meadow that presently will be a sheet of water. "At one time," she said sadly, "they had a scheme for a smaller lake. If they had gone on with that the school would have been saved, and I think the church and churchyard also. It is a pity."

Another half-mile along the road you come to Flake How Farm, where Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster live with their family of five growing children. Mrs. Lancaster was born on this farm, which belonged to her father until he retired about six years ago and went to live at Askham. He died only a few months ago, but her mother is still living.

"We felt it very much at first, having to leave the old place," Mrs. Lancaster said, "but we have had time now to get over it a bit and get used to the idea. Mother doesn't feel it so much as if she had still been living here, and we have nobody in the churchyard except my little brother. She will have him moved to Askham.

"One of our greatest difficulties is to find another farm. In a good season the farms in this dale are very profitable. We only keep sheep, of which we have about a thousand. We don't grow any crops on this farm, though Mr. Kitching does on his.

"There are plenty of arable farms available, but sheep farms are hard to find and we are not used to growing crops. We don't want to go out of the Lake District because we have been here all our lives and we would rather be not too far away from mother. Then we have the children's education to think of. That means we must be near a good school."

So far only one family has secured another farm—the Bells, who live on Grave Brae Farm, near the Dun Bull Inn. Mr. Bell has taken a farm in Helton Dale, about nine miles away, in another remote valley. He will leave in February to go to the new farm and get it in working order, and his wife will follow in March with four of the children.

The Bells will be allowed one year's rent by way of compensation, but must pay the cost of the removal themselves.

Another old inhabitant of Mardale is Mr. R. E. Daffurn, proprietor of the Dun Bull Inn for twenty-seven years.

He has already left and gone to the Greyhound, at Shap, but has put a manager in the Dun Bull until it is closed. "We have all had notice to go by next March," he said, "but of course the time may be extended a bit. I thought I had better look out for something before the very end, or I might find myself stranded with nowhere to go This inn was going and I took it.

"I was sorry to leave Mardale. We'd had some great times there. I can remember when the Mardale Hunt was a great event in the season. Then we'd be crowded out. Gentlemen would come on Friday and stay until Monday. We've had them sleeping on the window-sills, on the floor on rugs, in the bath-room—anywhere.

"They were a jolly crowd, too, out to enjoy themselves. On Friday night we would get to bed about 2 o'clock. On Saturday night we never got to bed at all, and Sunday night was not much better. It took us nearly all the rest of the week to recover.

"Then again in the winter it would be so quiet sometimes that some days we wouldn't put a penny in the till. We wouldn't turn the tap unless we wanted a drink ourselves.

"Yes, it's a pity that the old place has to go. When the end comes I shall have an auction sale at the "Dun Bull" and sell everything. And I'll be there to see the finish."

The Corporation has built a new road high up the fell side. Half-way along this new road a new Dun Bull Inn will be built, in a recess blasted out of the solid rock of the mountain-side. Altogether it is estimated to cost £15,000. But Mr. Daffurn will not be the licensee. Mr. Speak, the Corporation land agent, who has lived in Mardale for the last six years, is leaving with his wife immediately. He is retiring, and will go to live near Bournemouth. They, too, are having an auction sale of all their household effects.

Ancient trees

The vicar, the Rev. F. H. J. Barham, has already left and gone to Kneesall, near Nottingham. There he will live in semi-retirement in the second vicarage of a living that has two vicarages. Occasionally he will take the service in the church.

He is an old man of close on seventy and felt the parting from Mardale, where he had lived for so many years, very acutely. He is a bachelor and lived alone in the large vicarage, doing all his own housework.

Before the dale is flooded much work will have to be done. Every tree must be cut down and removed and these include old yew trees near the church which some authorities claim are 800 years old. Every beam and piece of woodwork will be stripped from every building. The stonework will be left, as this will not pollute the water.

Fate at least has been kind in one thing. There is no direct heir of the Holmes family left in Mardale to see it blotted out. Right down the centuries they have come in direct line as owners of Mardale. So famous was this family that they were known near and far as "The Kings of Mardale."

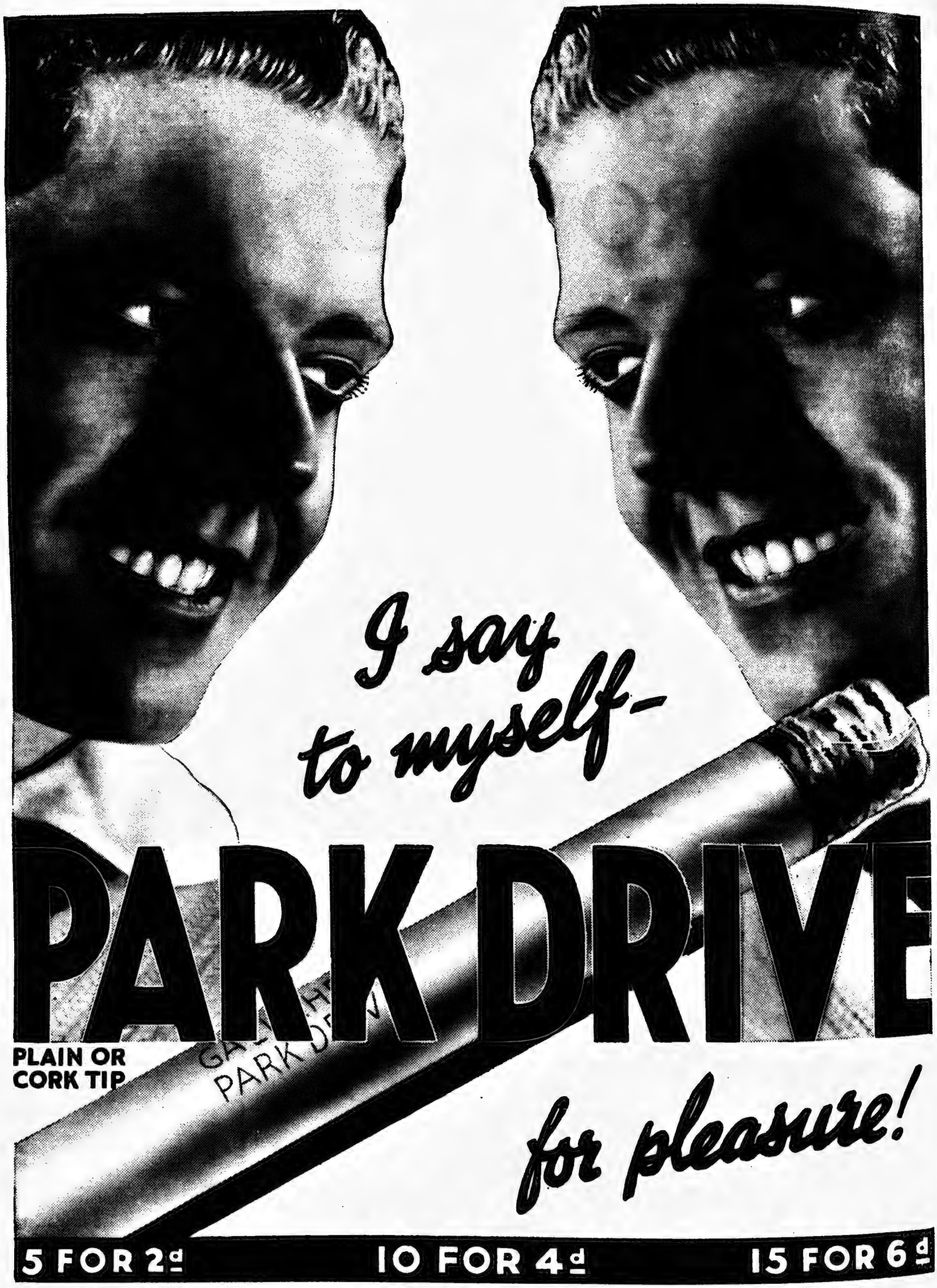
But the last of the direct line, Hugh Holmes, died a bachelor in 1885. He is buried in the churchyard. After him there remained only his uncle's widow, who lived on until 1915. She, too, is buried in the churchyard.

From being a quiet secluded spot for centuries Mardale has now suddenly become busy. At week-ends streams of sightseers come, anxious to take one last look at it before it disappears beneath the waters.

Motor cars crowd the narrow, rather rough, road, where two cars can only pass with difficulty at certain spots. Mardale has always been one of the famous beauty spots of the Lake District, but never has it been so popular as now, when obliteration waits only a little way ahead.

And the geese still feed quietly in the meadows, the calves still play, and the sheep nibble the grass contentedly, as if nothing could ever disturb their peace and serenity.

A picturesque view of the historic village of Mardale, which is to be "drowned" "in the name of progress." Farmers are finding difficulty in securing new holdings.


I say to myself—
PARK DRIVE
PLAIN OR CORK TIP
for pleasure!
5 FOR 2d
10 FOR 4d
15 FOR 6d

You've Exposed a BOGEY!

Hanner Swaffer's Open Letter to Rowland Jones

DEAR ROWLAND JONES,—Innumerable golfers all over the country will thank you, while congratulating you upon retiring at the age of 65 from the post of professional at Wimbledon Park with the good will of thousands of friends, for having exposed a bogey. I do not mean Colonel Bogey, but the holing-out-in-one delusion.

For years it has been the dream of even the worst golfer in the world, which is myself, to hole out in one once. Now I learn that you have holed out in one stroke on 18 occasions, and that Sandy Herd, who holds the record, has holed out in one no fewer than 19 times!

Well, who wants to do it once after that? It will save us all lots of money, yes, money in broken clubs, money in lost balls and money in lost tempers.

Until I read that you had holed out in one so often, I really thought doing it once was a dream worth realising. I had always thought that, having done it, a golfer could boast for the rest of his life and die happy.

But then I remembered that Tom Webster once told me he had done it twice. Still, he is a caricaturist used to exaggeration, and perhaps he drew his own hole—a very big one.

* * *

Yes, of all things in sport I have always thought holing out in one was an ideal, a dream. You went to a tee. You swung your club. You hit the ball. There it was in the hole! Then everybody cheered you, and you bought a lot of drinks.

It reminds me of the tyro golfer who, going on the tee for the first time in his very first game, hit the ball, and then, walking up to the green, picked it out of the hole, remarking, "Gee, I thought I'd missed it!" He thought you were supposed to do it every time!

Then I remember a remarkable story, the accuracy of which was vouched for by Marshall Hall, the great criminal lawyer. In writing about a well-known Middlesex amateur cricketer, who had died, he told in the *Times* how he took him down to Bournemouth for his first game of golf. Never before had his friend had a club in his hand.

They went on the first tee. The new golfer hit the ball, and holed out in one!

At lunch-time that day, when they had completed their round, Marshall Hall told the story to an incredulous crowd of envious golfers. When, in the afternoon, Marshall Hall and his friend went out to play another round, a small crowd gathered on the first tee to watch the wonder man. To everybody's surprise, declared Marshall Hall, he holed out in one again!

Then I remember another golfer, a member of the Rochford Club. He recorded with all solemnity how he had dreamed that the next day he would do a particular hole in one, and that in the morning he went and did it. This aroused great controversy. Many don't believe in dreams.

Now holing out in one has hitherto been thought not only a pride, but an obligation. You were supposed to buy drinks all round in the club-house if you did it.

This has made many golfers hope that, if they did hole out in one, they wouldn't do it during a week-end, when the club-house was full, while I have heard of a Scots golfer at Orkney who, having holed out in one, went home without telling anybody.

I also know of a Scot, a member of a Southern club, who did the same. But he reckoned without the secretary, also a Scot, who got through to him on the telephone and said: "What about it?"

Now, of course, hearing of your prowess, all a man will say, when he has holed out in one, and they mention the drinks, is, "I'm nothing to Rowland Jones. Let him pay."

Well, there are golfers of all kinds, for golf is the one game in the world which, whether you play it well or badly, still remains a game of equal joy. In fact, I believe the worse you play it, the more you like it.

I remember years ago, finding, when I was yachting, a newly opened club at Mersea Island. It was a nine-hole course, with reeds still in the ditches and in an awful state.

I thought I would stop there—sleeping on the yacht all night and trying to play golf all day. On the Saturday the club had its first medal round, and I, who have never done eighteen holes in less than a hundred, went round this new course in 102. I was dreadful, of course.

Still, even I was consoled. In the club-house, after my game, I said to a man who had just joined the club, not knowing much about golf, "Well, I went round in 102."

"I took 138," he replied.

"Very good for a beginner," I said, not wishing to discourage him.

We had a ginger-beer, and then he made a strange remark: "Now I'll go and do the other nine holes," he said.

Well, after remembering all this, I worked out a sum, and discovered your secret.

If you are 65, it must mean, I think, that you have played two rounds of golf a day for 50 years. This means that, approximately, you have driven off the tee 657,000 times. We won't count the times you won and so didn't have to finish. That means that you have only holed out in one once every 35,500 times.

* * *

I don't call that very good. Think of the times you have missed!

Now if you want to beat Sandy Herd's record and hole out in one 20 times, all you have to do is to play 71,000 more games. It won't take you much more than five years. And you will live longer than that.

Go on Rowland! Only five years more, twice a day, and you will make that Scotsman, Sandy Herd, look silly. The Scotsmen cannot be allowed to have it all their own way, even in golf, which they invented so that they could sell it to us expensively.

Perhaps if you call yourself MacJones, it will help you.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

The Rt. Rev. H. H. HENSON,
Bishop of Durham

MY LORD,—You warn your clergy not to associate themselves with the miners' demand for better wages.

You tell them they "cannot hope to command public confidence when they desert their apparent tasks in order to make excursions into other spheres than their own."

But is this sphere not theirs? The pages of the Scriptures are filled with exhortations to "feed My flock." And thousands of the children in mining homes to-day are not being properly fed.

JOHN BULL.

Sir PERCIVAL PERRY,
Chairman, Ford Motor Co.

DEAR SIR,—Like myself, you are indignant at the constant raiding of the Road Fund. You rightly point out that if the money raised by motor taxation was devoted to its proper purpose—the improvement of roads—traffic accidents would decrease.

Unfortunately, there is no law to prevent Chancellors of the Exchequer from being highway robbers.

JOHN BULL.

LORD HENNIKER, Hartismere: Why suggest boy housebreaker should join Navy? Lad who "helped himself" in Navy would soon be helped outside.—JOHN BULL.

Major G. C. TRYON,
Postmaster-General

DEAR P.M.G.,—There is still dissatisfaction concerning the uncertain workings of post office stamp machines. Why is it not possible to make them as accurate as cigarette and other types of automatic machines?

The person who puts in a coin and fails to obtain a stamp is obviously robbed. But to thump the machine or attempt to get out a stamp with a penknife is as obviously likely to arouse suspicions in a passing policeman.

Can you not afford to keep these automatics in working order? Or do you find it more profitable not to do so?

JOHN BULL.

Sir HENRY COWARD,
Sheffield

DEAR SIR HENRY,—You want the Band of Hope Union to find a teetotal drink that would have the kick of intoxicating liquor.

There indeed you are on common ground with the moderate drinker. That's what he sets out to do—get the kick without the intoxication.

JOHN BULL.

PUBLIC ASSISTANCE COMMITTEE,
Pembrokeshire

DEAR SIRS,—For twenty-five years the barber at a local institution has received only 6s. a week. Now, in view of increased work, he wants a rise and thereby fills you with virtuous indignation.

"Other institutions have no barber," one of you has said, "Pembroke is in a privileged position."

Privileged to sweat its employees?

JOHN BULL.

Captain N. HAMMER,
London

DEAR CAPTAIN,—Speaking as an ambulance man, you assure us that an attack by poison-gas is just another means of securing the survival of the fittest. And you describe gas attacks on the undefended public as "situations which are merely annoying and slightly uncomfortable."

I prefer to be charitable and assume you are only jesting about a particularly abominable business.

But I fear that none but the Merchants of Death will appreciate your curious form of humour.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. P. G. GARRETT,
Stanford Bridge, Worcs

DEAR DOCTOR,—Not because you never send in any bills are you worshipped by the Worcestershire hop-pickers.

Every year you emerge from retirement to assist the Salvation Army in first-aid work among them. Tramping long distances, placing your services at the disposal of the sick, you bring help and consolation to many a stricken home.

If the Army instituted a calendar of saints, I'm sure you would be found high up in the list.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. R. MACDONALD,
Hull Stipendiary

YOUR WORSHIP,—I gather that you would like to see lawbreakers sent to labour camps instead of prison. But I cannot admire your reason, for you remark that "the Humber bank needs building up all the way along, and that work could be done by the men in the camps."

What you seem to overlook is that there are many thousands of honest men out of work who would be glad of the chance of tackling a job like that.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. A. S. HEBBLESTHWAITE,
M.O.H. *for Sunderland*

DEAR SIR,—You remind us that there is already sufficient legislation to deal with that blight of mining areas—the burning pit heaps. Local authorities could deal with owners of land where the nuisance exists under the Public Health Act.

Yet the suffocating smoke and dust is allowed to endanger health and comfort, and nothing is ever done about it.

Perhaps action would be taken if medical officers reminded local councils of their duties!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. MILLER, Grimsby Juvenile Court: Cyclists are a nuisance on the roads to-day, you say. Speaking as a magistrate or motorist?—JOHN BULL.

The EARL OF MANSFIELD,
Newcastle-on-Tyne

DEAR LORD MANSFIELD,—I am not so certain as your committee that emigration would be a part solution of our unemployment problem.

What about those overseas settlers who came back with their life savings lost?

No, let's go cautiously in matters of emigration. There are no lands of golden promise in the world of to-day.

JOHN BULL.

Private JOHN LARKIN,
Royal Fusiliers

DEAR JOHN,—Probably you have been severely chaffed by your comrades for diving in full uniform into the Surrey Canal to rescue what you thought was a baby in a pram, but which you discovered to be a large doll.

Well, let those laugh who may. I take the will for the deed and regard you as a young fellow of whom the regiment should be proud.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman R. H. HUME,
Birmingham

SIR,—You refuse to agree that the time is ripe for raising the school-leaving age, and you assert that another fifteen hundred children could be employed in your city.

Am I to assume that you are more anxious to fill blind-alley jobs than to give the children a better chance to become intelligent citizens?

JOHN BULL.

What *is* there about Fry's that has done Bobby so much good?
One thing is that it is a remarkably well-balanced food, rich in those elements that strengthen the constitution.
Another is that the *flavour* of Fry's is so much to his liking that he'll drink as much of it as you care to give him.
Put *your* child on to Fry's Cocoa, and be as proud of the result as Bobby's mother is!

Mother says

I'm the best advertisement for Fry's Cocoa

FRY'S BREAKFAST COCOA PER ¼ LB. NET WEIGHT 5½d.

FREE GIFT COUPONS IN EVERY TIN

CO157.0935

WILLS'S WHIFFS

There can be no better proof of their quality than the wonderful popularity which WILLS'S WHIFFS enjoy. Of a fine Havana flavour, they are cool and mild in smoking, and the cost is very moderate.

Cartons of 3 . . . 6D.
„ „ 6 . . . 1/-
Flat tins of 12 . . . 2/-

W.W. 12

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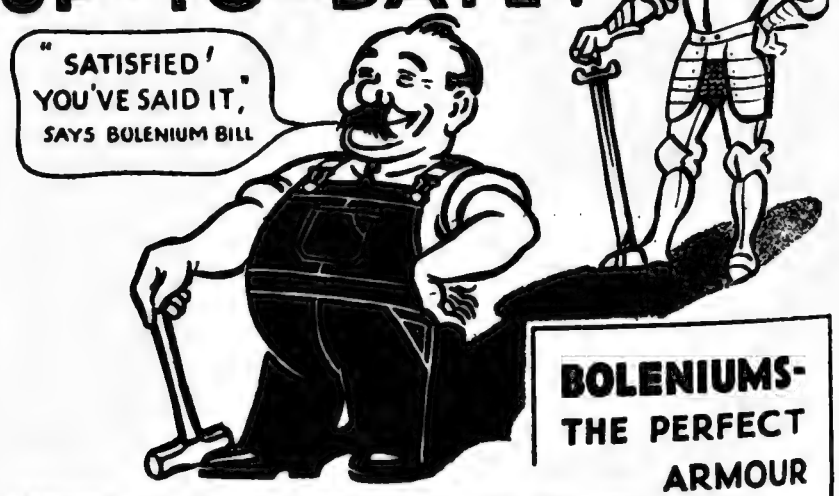

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SANCTIONS *and* Socialists

by A. G. Gardiner

ALL talk of a November election has subsided. It has been silenced by the crisis.

If there had been discussion in the Government on the policy to be pursued, or if public opinion had been substantially hostile to that policy, Mr. Baldwin might very properly have decided to leave the issue to the country. He might reasonably have said: "This is too heavy a responsibility for an expiring Government to undertake. The electorate itself must shoulder it."

But no such doubt exists. The Cabinet is united in taking its stand on the Covenant and the country is overwhelmingly behind it in that determination.

Even the Rothermere and Beaverbrook megaphones, having done their best to convince Mussolini that he had nothing to fear from England, have changed their tune to "My Country, Right or Wrong."

Nothing would suit Mr. Baldwin better from the merely electoral point of view than an election this autumn and on this issue. It is not merely that Party differences have largely disappeared under stress of a peril as grave as that of 1914, and that there would be no disposition to "swap horses" while crossing so turbulent a torrent. It is that the only Party which could conceivably provide an alternative Government has been badly sabotaged from within. The split in the ranks of Labour on the subject of the application of Sanctions has, temporarily at all events, put it out of action from an electoral point of view.

The remarkable feature of the split is that it leaves the Party itself in one camp and many of its most prominent leaders in the other. Officially Labour has always been the stoutest pillar of the League structure in this country. It stands above everything else for the outlawry of war, and it sees in the Covenant of the League the only instrument that can establish a collective peace system.

At its meeting at Margate the T.U.C. declared decisively in favour of the application of the Sanctions of the Covenant in the event of Mussolini making war on Abyssinia. It did this despite the fact that the decision put Labour in the position of backing the Government on a momentous issue. It did not say with Lord Rothermere, "My Country, Right or Wrong." It said: "Here the Government we oppose is doing the right thing and we will back it." That was good sense and good patriotism.

Any other course would have been dishonest. For it had been one of Labour's chief indictments of the Government that it had not pressed for League of Nations action against Japan, in Manchuria.

* * *

NO one had denounced that failure more severely than Sir Stafford Cripps, the leader of the Socialist left wing and perhaps the ablest Parliamentarian the Labour Party now has. Even a few weeks ago he returned to the attack and insisted that all the weight of the League Sanctions should have been applied against Japan.

Thus it seemed that, whatever opposition the Government had to encounter at home from the Rothermeres and Beaverbrooks, Labour would be solid with it in defence of the Covenant.

Unfortunately that has not been the case. The rank and file of the Party, it is true, has stood firm by its bond to the Covenant.

Sir Stafford Cripps; "He sees the Covenant and its Sanctions as a side show between rival Imperialisms"

But it has done so in the face of the opposition of some of its most respected and influential leaders, including that of the official head of the Party, Mr. George Lansbury. No one is more universally liked than Mr. Lansbury, and his defection placed the Party, which is devoted to him personally, in the most perplexing dilemma.

His action was simple and above suspicion. In politics he is the unequivocal idealist, charged with a high voltage of sentiment and emotion and without a scrap of realism in his make-up.

He lives in a world of beautiful dreams and belongs to the pulpit rather than to politics. He preaches peace at any price, and would disarm the country under the conviction that the action would so impress the world that it would promptly follow suit.

It is a difficult doctrine to hold in a world inhabited by Hitlers and Mussolinis. But it is sincere and in obedience to it Mr. Lansbury cannot reconcile his conscience to anything in the nature of armed force against anybody, even in the interests of peace. Hence he is against the application of military Sanctions under the Covenant.

We can respect this attitude, however much we may marvel at it. But it obviously has no relation to realities.

The position of Sir Stafford Cripps and of his comrades of the Socialist League, who have repudiated the Party and the Covenant, is different. Sir Stafford has no objections to Sanctions or to force. He advocated their employment in the case of Japan, and his right-about-face now has nothing to do with Mr. Lansbury's sentimental scruples.

He justifies his change of front on the ground that Labour must have nothing to do with quarrels between Capitalist and Imperialist countries. He sees the Covenant and its Sanctions, not as an instrument for establishing collective peace, but as a sort of side show between rival "Imperialisms," all of them equally wicked and fit only for the universal bonfire to which he hopes to commit them.

* * *

PERHAPS the best comment that can be made on this queer perversity is that which the *Daily Herald*, the organ of the Labour Party, makes in the course of a sensible and temperate leader. Referring to Sir Stafford and his supporters, it says:—

"Revulsion from Imperialism has led them into repudiation of the League and of the only law the world knows. It has led them into the company of the anarchists. They ascribe measures to protect peace to imperialist motives with which they say they cannot associate, though the Soviet Union and three Socialist Governments of Scandinavia promise complete co-operation. They cannot see the wood for the trees. And that perhaps is what separates them from the realistic Labour Movement."

The separation is fundamental. The Labour Movement wants a settled world and a collective peace. It sees in the League and its Covenant the only means of reaching that goal. It sees that the enemies of the League are precisely those Powers that rattle the sabre and rely upon the gospel of militarism, and that the friends of the League, whether Capitalist France or Capitalist England, Socialist Sweden or Bolshevik Russia, are those who, whatever their differences in other respects wish to substitute law for war in the settlement of international disagreements.

* * *

AND seeing this it has no doubt on which side its bread is buttered and its interests lie in the present crisis. Victory for the Covenant establishes the reign of law in Europe. Victory for Mussolini re-establishes the reign of war.

To all this Sir Stafford Cripps and his little group of extremists are indifferent. The cause of peace must wait. It must wait until the wicked "Imperialisms" of the earth has been wrecked by revolution. War will pave the way to this happy consummation. The Covenant only hinders and defeats it.

With this policy of catastrophe the practical, realistic mind of Labour has nothing in common, and the purge of the past week will speedily restore its electoral prospects.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Cupid's Gangsters

WHEN a maiden comes a-wooing,
With her modest smiles and glances,
Churls had best be up and doing
And respond to her advances;
For within a velvet glove
Lurks the Iron Hand of Love!

Since your end must be the altar,
Do not of your "freedom" blither—
Lest a leg-rope and a halter
Be employed to drag you thither!
It is useless to be coy
When *she's* marked you for her boy!

She quite possibly will let you
Think that you're the bold pursuer,
But undoubtedly she'll get you!
If you prove a languid wooer
When more gentle means she's tried,
Sanctions next will be applied!

Consider, for example, the case of Angela Deoma and Frank Genovese, of Cleveland, Ohio. For three years Angela wooed her Frank by methods approved by feminine ingenuity and acquiesced in by masculine stupidity. But Frank could only promise to be a brother to her.

This, obviously, was more than any red-blooded she-woman could be expected to stand. And Angela, as an earnest student of "reel" life, knew exactly how Clark Gable would cope with such a situation.

Collecting some friends and arming herself with a marriage licence, Angela denounced Frank as Cupid's Enemy No. 1, ambushed him outside a kinema, hustled him into a car, and, dumping him before a J.P., had him changed into a husband in less time than it takes to say "Al Capone."

* * *

This exploit, of course, called forth the chuckles of captive males, who, because of their captivity, have nothing to hope or fear from enterprising Angelas. But these chuckles were not echoed by their unfettered brethren.

For by thus handing out the rough stuff Angela has finally slain the polite fiction, for long scoffed at by Bernard Pshaw, that man is the hunter and woman the hare of all the ages. And when a polite fiction is killed, impolite facts are apt to take its place.

No unmarried man now knows when he may receive a call from the wild, and nervous bachelors will take to looking under their beds each night to make sure that an Angela is not lurking there.

After all, no modest boy can relish the prospect of being thrown across the bow of a saddle or into the dicky of a car and made the husband of a Cave Girl for whom he will have to provide the cave.

Up, girls, and at 'em!
A sister's shown the way
How you the game should play!
Hip, hip, hoo-blooming-ray!
Man is an atom;
If you a blushing bride
Are yearning to be,
Just kidnap a he
And take the poor mutt for a ride!

Up, girls, and get 'em!
Old England now expects
The members of your sex
Their quarry to annex!
So nab them and net 'em!
The hunter's now the hare!
Though hot be the pace,
The thrill of the chase
Will now be the fun of the "fair"!

NO LIMIT TO THE BARGAINS OFFERED BY *John England*

John England are the greatest club specialists and supply everything you need for yourself, your family and your home at bargain prices—everything of first class quality and workmanship. They are able to offer this amazing value because they manufacture most of their own goods, and, owing to their vast financial resources, are able to buy the remainder at rock bottom prices.

★ ABSOLUTELY NO WAITING

The terms and service of John England Clubs are as wonderful as the value of their goods. All members receive their goods together at the same time, delivered free to their home, directly they pay their first 1/-. There is no drawing for chances. There are no late turns.

★ EVERY TURN IS FIRST TURN

John England trust their Club Holders and Club Members, knowing that they will always pay promptly. Why, then, should one member have first turn and another wait until the 20th turn? To John England's way of thinking, this is not fair—particularly as many goods are seasonable and are useless if not delivered immediately. John England treat all their Club Members equally. No wonder both Club Holders and Club Members are so enthusiastic about John England Clubs. They all say that they have never had such fair and generous treatment before.

John England

"Every Turn is First Turn"

READING LANE, HACKNEY, LONDON

CLUB HOLDERS

A John England Club will be a lucky club for you, because you cannot fail to make it a success with so many bargains and such generous terms to offer your members. Don't delay. Only a limited number of Club Holders can be appointed to each district. You can start a John England Club to-day with as few as 5 members if you wish.

TO BECOME A CLUB HOLDER OR MEMBER, FILL IN THIS COUPON AND SEND IT TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS

JE CREDIT FOR THE CREDIT WORTHY

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

S.4.

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS FROM SIR WYNDHAM CHILD'S

Crash-and-Run Theatre Manager

British Equity, under the energetic leadership of Mr. A. M. Wall (above), has done much to protect the small actor and actress from dishonest managers. But many remain who need close watching

—TOURING COMPANY SCANDAL

MUCH has been done during recent years by legislation, the energetic activities of British Equity and other stage organisations on the managerial side to stamp out the bogus and dishonest theatrical producer.

I can claim, too, some part in the campaign through the publicity I have been able to give these undesirable gentry from time to time. A disclosure in JOHN BULL is an effective "warning off" to the irresponsible or dishonest theatre employer. But there still remains some cleaning up to be carried out, as the following case will prove.

Facts have been laid before me concerning a young theatrical adventurer, who passes under the name of Warwick Wynford, and claims to have two addresses, one in Windlesham Gardens, Hove, Sussex, and the other in Noble Street, London.

Abandoned

Disaster and suffering have followed in the train of this man's latest exploit. He has just left a company of players stranded in a provincial city in a most despicable manner. When he realised that he was reaching the end of his tether and that the police were making enquiries into his good faith he simply ran away. The actors and actresses who looked to him for their salaries have been callously abandoned.

In the early part of the summer Warwick Wynford, through a London agency, entered into negotiations with the licensee of the Theatre Royal, Lincoln, to run a repertory season. A contract was signed under which Wynford agreed to take the theatre for six weeks, with the option of an extension.

Then he engaged a small company, and rehearsed them at the Fortune Theatre, London. Among the plays to be produced were "Private Lives," "The School for Husbands," "By Candlelight," "The Duke of Killiecrankie," and "Private Road."

Eventually the company opened in Lincoln towards the end of July and received excellent support from the local people.

It would seem, however, that Warwick Wynford was extremely neglectful in his managerial duties. Indeed, I am told there was no effective management at all on his part.

Trouble soon arose. Members of the company found they could not secure the full amount of their salaries due to them from Wynford. As a result, at the end of the performance one Saturday in August a police superintendent was called to the theatre.

When the position was explained to the officer, he asked Wynford to produce for inspection his certificate of registration as a theatrical employer. Under an Act of Parliament this registration is compulsory before any person can embark as a stage employer. The Act is intended as some safeguard against the bogus employer.

Wynford failed to produce this certificate, but explained that he had left it in London. He declared he would go to London and bring back the certificate to show to the police.

This excuse was just a subterfuge, for I can reveal that Warwick Wynford *knew well enough that he had failed to fulfil the requirements of the Theatrical Employers' Registration Act.*

On the Monday following his interview with the police Wynford did leave Lincoln, ostensibly to get his registration certificate from London, and also to secure sufficient monetary support to enable him to meet his indebtedness in Lincoln.

But he *did not return to Lincoln to face his company or his liabilities as he had promised. He just deserted!*

No one was appointed to take charge of the company, and no arrangement was made for the payment of salaries and wages to his employees. A scandalous business altogether.

Prompt action

One actress after a week's work received only sufficient money to pay her fare home, and others were in nearly as bad a plight. There was another member of the company who was ill in Lincoln, without resources, and had to depend on the charity of several of the other artists to get back to home in Brighton.

It is satisfactory to know that the Lincoln City Police acted promptly in this scandal of this defaulting manager.

Proceedings were taken against him by summons on the initiative of the Chief Constable, and a few days ago Wynford made his appearance before the magistrates at the Lincoln Police Court.

He was convicted and fined a total of £20—£15 for abandoning theatrical performers employed by him, and £5 for carrying on the business of a theatrical manager without being duly registered. Costs amounting to £2 19s. were added to the fines.

Because this Lincoln case is such a bad one, I have had enquiries made into the record of this young man who calls himself Warwick Wynford, and who has caused so much unnecessary misery and suffering among hard-working artists.

Money lost

I find that his real name is Reuben Maxwell Falber, and his stage experience is small. What he knows of acting he learned at a dramatic school training course. After that he was connected with a musical revue production, under the style of "Fashions Fate," in which a considerable sum of money was lost.

Will it be believed, in the face of these disclosures, that Reuben Maxwell Falber, or Warwick Wynford, has now had the audacity to apply to the Court of Common Council in the City of London for registration as a theatrical employer?

Though he appears eager to go forward with other stage enterprises, the monstrous debacle at Lincoln suggests that he would be well advised to turn his attention to less speculative enterprises.

I cannot imagine that he will secure his certificate in the City of London, or anywhere else, for his theatrical past does not inspire confidence. He is the kind of person who should never receive any official recognition by registration and the issue of a certificate.

ALL IN TOGETHER!

THE North Staffordshire Grocers' Association has decided to enter for the JOHN BULL Window-dressing Competition as a body! This decision was taken at a meeting held at Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, last week, on the suggestion of the President.

It has been agreed that all members of the Association should sign an undertaking that if any member won the first prize of £1,000 he would keep £500 and give the other £500 to be divided among the other members competing, "after sufficient had been deducted to pay for a jolly good dinner to celebrate the event."

"This competition offers just the thing to pull us together," the President, Mr. A. E. Simcock, told his members.

"All you have to do is to get JOHN BULL and see what is advertised each week and then if you sell one of the articles displayed you can make up your window display and have it photographed. You can have as many displays as you like of different articles, providing the display lasts a week.

"The small man has just the same chance as the man with the big store. In addition, there are prizes for customers. I see no reason why Staffordshire should not be able to pull off the first prize. It is not very often we can get a scheme of this kind with such a magnificent prize."

The offer of the record First Prize of £1,000 cash, plus over 1,000 cash and other awards, will make the next three months memorable on both sides of the counter.

By every post applications are pouring in for the special Entry material which JOHN BULL is providing and which includes the sign, reproduced on page 20, marking the retailer's window display as entered for this Contest.

Included in the material now being sent out by JOHN BULL is a list of over 160 famous products from which the shopkeeper can select.

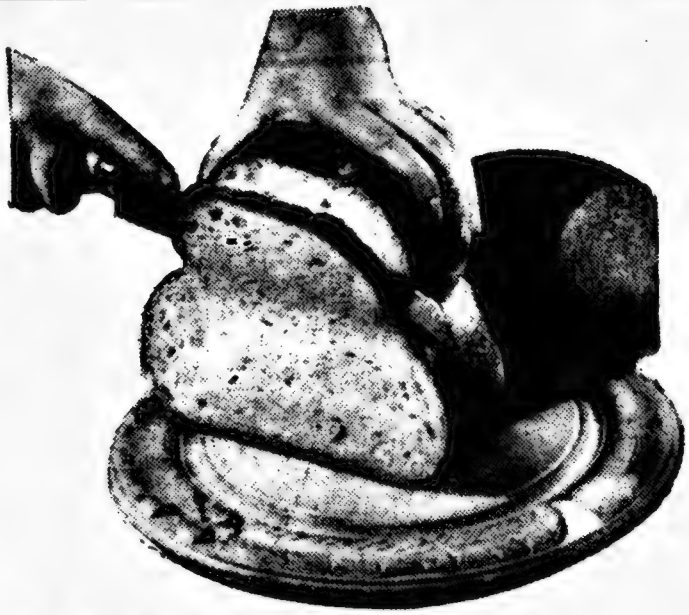
During the next few weeks the Contest will be in full swing. Shopkeepers are urged to make a display as soon as possible and so reap quickly the advantages it will bring in increased trade. Every *bona-fide* retailer should send in the application form on page 20 at once.

JOHN BULL also invites every reader to enter a simple and fascinating competition known as "Shopping Slogans."

A prize of £1,000 cash will be paid to the sender of the best advertising Slogan of not more than twelve words relating to any product featured in a display marked with our Window Display Contest sign, between October 1 and December 31.

In addition, a selection of slogans each week will be published in JOHN BULL and the sender of each will receive £1.

Entry Forms can be obtained only at the shops where the JOHN BULL sign is displayed between now and December 31.



FACTS *about* BREAD

No country has studied nutrition in relation to health more thoroughly than the United States of America. THE COMMITTEE ON FOODS of the American Medical Association publicly announces the following statements as true facts about BREAD

1. Bread is our outstanding source of the largest single need in the balanced diet—Food-Energy.
2. Bread is a most economical source of Food Energy—almost no waste in white bread, as it is 96% digested.
3. Bread is often *incorrectly* called a "fattening food." The fact that bread is high in Food-Energy does not mean that it itself will produce over-weight. The control of weight depends solely on the Food-Energy content of the diet as a whole, not on any one specific food in the diet. Bread can and should be used, even by those who are reducing weight under their physician's instructions. Remember, you should never think of bread as a "fattening food," but as a food high in Food-Energy.
4. Bread is a completely wholesome food.

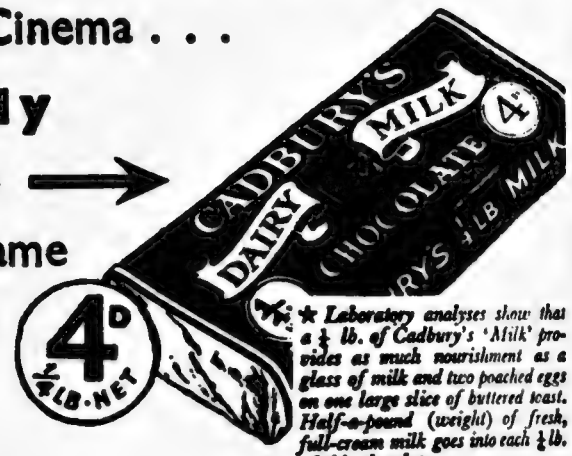
There is no substitute for

BREAD FOR ENERGY

C.F.H. 134

Nobody takes Milk and Poached Eggs to the Cinema . . .

Everybody takes **THIS** → and gets the same nourishment!



★ *Laboratory analyses show that a ½ lb. of Cadbury's 'Milk' provides as much nourishment as a glass of milk and two poached eggs on one large slice of buttered toast. Half-a-pound (weight) of fresh, full-cream milk goes into each ½ lb. of this chocolate.*

CADBURYS

MILK CHOCOLATE • *a most delicious food*

LET THE "HALIFAX"

help you with a liberal Home-buying loan. Large funds are available at reduced rates of mortgage interest. *Ask for the latest Booklets.*

ASSETS EXCEED £100,000,000

HALIFAX

THE WORLD'S LARGEST

BUILDING SOCIETY

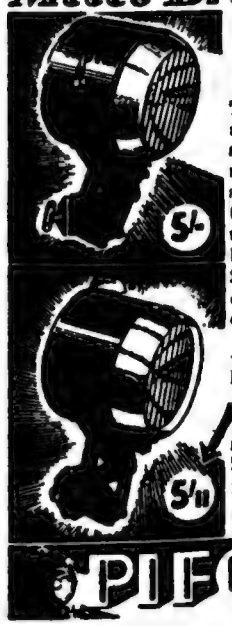
Head Offices—HALIFAX

General Manager—Sir ENOCH HILL

London District Office

HALIFAX HOUSE - STRAND, W.C.2

Miles Safer!
Miles Brighter!



Miles Better!

The original dim-and-bright electric safety lamp, and most correctly shaped. None better for economy and utility. 30 hours' brilliant light from 2 pocket batteries. *Obtainable at all good-class cycle agents.*

De Luxe Model with cat's-eye top light and green side lights.

24-Page Booklet packed with interesting information every cyclist should know. Write TO-DAY—IT'S FREE! PIPOO, LTD., Shude-hill, Manchester. *London Office:* [illegible] ing Cross Road, W.C.2.

PIPOO ELECTRIC CYCLE LAMPS

A Naval Cripple's Ordeal

"I am not asking for special consideration, says Mr. Harris," "I only want justice . . ."

WHILE new war clouds are looming over us it is well to remember the victims of the world conflict, whose battles are not yet over. Although the war came to an end seventeen years ago there are thousands of maimed and broken men who are still crying out for justice.

Though their country has neglected them grievously, they have a champion in JOHN BULL, and during the current year we have dealt with no less than 3,300 enquiries from men who have asked for advice about pensions.

In many instances we have been able to get wrongs righted, and since January, 1927, we have secured for ex-Service readers lump sum payments amounting to nearly £5,500, representing arrears of pension.

But for our intervention they would have been cheated of their rights!

13 YEARS' VAIN FIGHT for PENSION

Lives ruined

Much work still remains to be done to secure justice for men who have been forgotten. Casualties in the war seem so remote that many victims are still suffering in bitter silence. Their lives have been ruined by war service, yet no pension eases their present misery.

One heartrending case is that of Mr. G. S. W. Harris, of Goldsdown Close, Enfield Highway, Middlesex, who is still a young man, although his life has been shattered so far as health is concerned, and a pension has been denied him.

George Harris as a boy heard the call of the sea and set sail by joining the Greenwich Royal Hospital School in 1912. Four years later, just before he reached the age of 16, he joined the Navy, was posted to *H.M.S. Ganges* and then to the *H.M.S. Marlborough*.

It was in 1917, when *H.M.S. Marlborough* was coaling at Scapa Flow, that an accident happened to George Harris which was to have a disastrous effect on his life.

He was standing by a guiding rope near a winch when something went wrong. His body was caught up by a steel rope and the terrified boy was dragged helplessly towards the winch.

Coaling operations on board ship went on for some considerable time before the unconscious body of the boy George Harris was discovered.

Willing hands carried him away to hospital, where it was found that he was suffering from concussion and an injury to the spine.

For a long time he remained in hospital and after periods of light duty the authorities decided that he was no longer a useful unit in the Navy. So he was invalided out on October 14, 1920, from the Haslar Hospital, Portsmouth.

He left hospital a broken youth, his left arm was useless and his head and shoulders were twisted as a result of his spinal injury.

A grateful country awarded him a 20 per cent. pension, but after eighteen months this was stopped.

Months of pain

By this time the condition of George Harris had improved and he had almost regained full use of his arm.

He returned to civil life, and for varying periods held a number of posts. He was employed at the Torquay gas works until his health broke down and he returned to hospital.

Later he went to London and eventually rose to the position of foreman at the Twickenham Gravel Company's works at Edmonton, but once again when his position seemed assured and the future had again become rosy, his health, owing to the old war-time injuries, again broke down. By this time he was a married man with responsibilities.

After months of pain he was faced with unemployment and life seemed barren of hope. Yet he had pluck, and with the money he had managed to save started in a small way as a haulage contractor.

Months of hard work laid the foundation of what might have proved a successful little business, but once again his old trouble returned and his health broke down completely.

For the past two years he has been an out-patient of the North Middlesex County Hospital, and he is now forced to attend three times a week for treatment.

He has a wife, a little boy aged seven, and a little girl aged eight years. He has been unemployed for many weary months and his prospects of getting work are extremely remote.

Indeed, he has been told by a doctor that he will never be able to do any more work of a laborious nature.

Yet the man has been refused a pension by the authorities on the grounds that his disability was neither caused nor aggravated by his war service, and so far as officialdom is concerned the case is closed.

No reasonable person could doubt that this young man's working life has been ruined by the breakdown of health due to the accident on board ship at Scapa Flow in 1917.

His spine was injured, and he has been suffering from this injury ever since. He has undergone thirteen operations, but this has meant little improvement.

Even now his body is encased in a special jacket to support his spine. His condition is such that if he bends down he cannot regain an upright position unless he is assisted.

Terrible mistake

Fit men find it difficult enough to obtain work; what chance has this young man, George Harris, who on bad days finds it impossible to drag himself along to the hospital for treatment?

Yet the authorities have refused this man a pension and his wife and family are faced with adversity.

True, they have an allowance from the Public Assistance Committee, but surely this young man has a right to expect a pension from the Government in whose service his body and health were wrecked.

George Harris is suffering from Spondylitis of the spine, which, in non-technical language, means paralysis of the spine.

The Medical Officer of North Middlesex County Hospital has, as recently as August, 1935, stated his opinion that his condition is "attributable to his war injury in 1917, or, alternatively, aggravated by this injury."

Clearly a terrible mistake has been made by the authorities in denying this young man a pension.

To put it in his own words, "I am not asking for special consideration, I only want justice."

In these circumstances, we urge the authorities to reconsider the case of George Harris. Justice has so far been denied him—but it is not too late for the wrong to be adjusted.

The Call

Homely Wisdom by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

I ONCE heard an impressive sermon from that great preacher, George Bernard Shaw.

Don't laugh: I am quite serious. Whether it was intended to be a sermon or not, the words that Mr. Shaw spoke on the occasion to which I refer acted as a moral tonic to more than one listener.

What he said in substance was this. If you see a thing to be wrong, you hear the call of God to put it right; and if you refuse to obey that call you are the worse and not the better for having been stirred by it.

If you are moved to compassion or indignation because of some needless suffering inflicted by selfishness upon the weak and unfortunate, or if you are aware of the deadly operation of something foul and rotten in the common life, an evil that could be got rid of by determined effort, and if you refrain from lifting a finger to put an end to that evil you are a useless piece of machinery or worse, and ought to be scrapped.

The form in which this declaration is reproduced is mine, not Mr. Shaw's, but I hope it is faithful as a statement of what he meant his hearers to understand. No doubt he would put it more forcefully than I have done, but the moral truth conveyed in the utterance is perfectly clear.

What Mr. Shaw thinks about God is not exactly what orthodox Christians think about God, but there is a sufficient measure of agreement between him and them to make it possible for any right-minded man to believe and act upon the belief that God does speak to us in the way Mr. Shaw says He does.

For what is God if He be not the best in you and me, that ideal good which makes itself felt in every human heart whether we act in conformity with it or not? God is that inward monitor.

He may be much more, but He is at least that—the ever silent voice which rebukes us for cowardice and meanness and summons us at times to heights of effort and sacrifice in which our petty self-interest is lost sight of and of which in an ordinary way we may seem incapable.

* * *

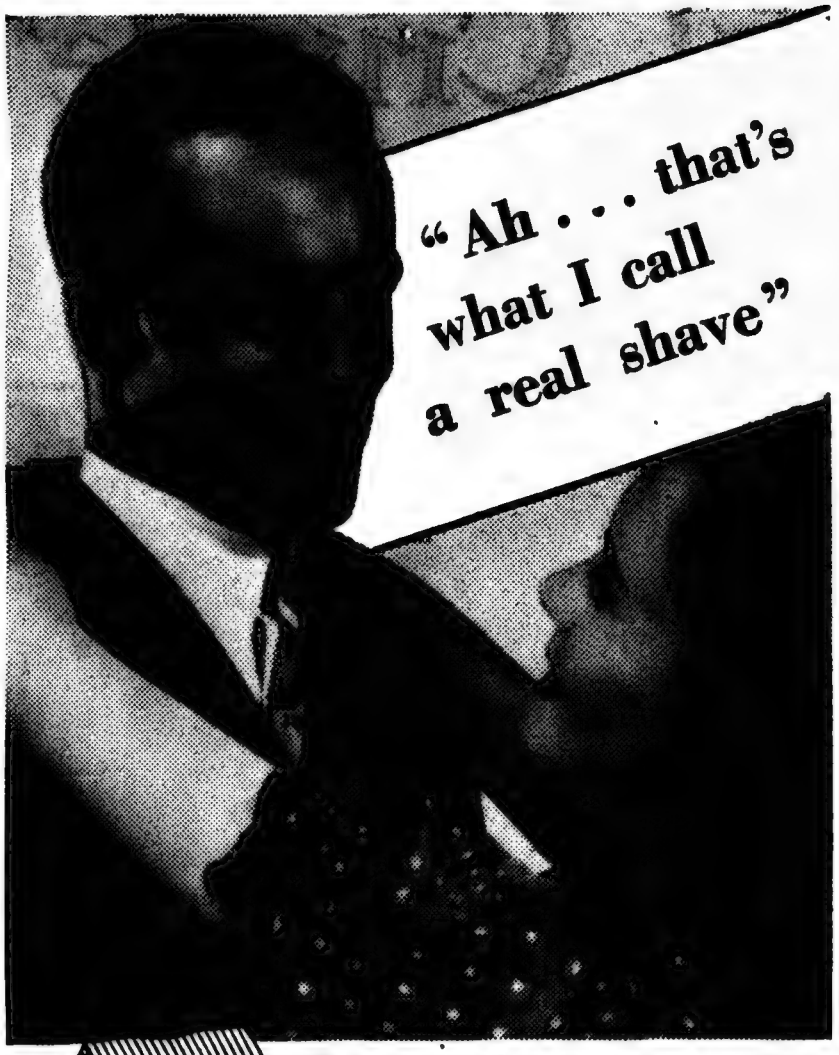
We seldom meet a man whose whole life is governed by this conviction, but still more seldom do we meet one who never responds to it at all.

George Lansbury made all England listen lately when he denounced war as contrary to the revealed will of God, and said he would resign his leadership of the Labour Party in the House of Commons rather than consent to a policy involving war. He may be mistaken, but his decision carries weight because of the life behind it. His whole career is that of a man who has sought not his own ease or advancement but what the Divine call required of him.

* * *

Any man who says at a momentous crisis, "This is my job and I must do it," has heard that same voice. It may be one particular thing in whose service he gives himself; the rest of his life may not be wholly consistent with it; but if his conscience is uneasy until he has done the one thing that he feels called to do, he is certainly God's instrument as any prophet or saint of old.

The human race can never go utterly wrong, for that Divine voice will never cease to sound and there will always be men and women who will obey it at all costs.



To enjoy a real shave you must use a soap that's really made for the job. Ordinary soap won't do. Besides, you can get a Lever's Easy Shaving Stick for only sixpence. With Lever's Easy a perfect shave is assured a hundred times over. The creamy, lasting lather from Lever's Easy gives as close and comfortable a shave as you could wish for. Leaves the face without a trace of stubble. Feeling cool and fine, too. Makes shaving every morning a real pleasure. See that Lever's Easy Shaving Stick is down on the next shopping list.

A LEVER PRODUCT

K 246-172-55

EVE SHAMPOO

has brought 'life' back to my hair!

Your hair needs the same care as your skin to bring out its beauty. Eve Shampoo is specially made to improve every type of hair and to keep it healthy; for healthy hair is beautiful hair. In Eve there is no soap to leave behind a deposit which dulls the hair and clogs the scalp. Eve goes right down to the roots, cleansing thoroughly and allowing the hair to breathe and grow radiantly lovely.

Men are using Eve Shampoo too, for it helps to check dandruff as well as imparting a natural glossiness and it's only 2d a packet. You can buy Eve Shampoo at Boots, Taylors, or Chemists, Hairdressers, Grocers, Co-op. Stores—almost anywhere.

Yes..and it's ended my dandruff

EVE SHAMPOO

EVS 14-172-55 JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD., LEEDS

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 37.

THE ONLY VALVE WITH A 6 MONTHS GUARANTEE

ENTIRELY BRITISH

You cannot BUY BETTER VALVES AT ANY PRICE.

362 QUALITY is maintained.
362 CHARACTERISTICS are maintained.
362 PRICES are the same everywhere as valves as good cannot be sold for less.
362 SERVICE will clear your difficulties.
IF NOT EASILY OBTAINABLE LOCALLY—do not be persuaded to "try the next best"—WE WILL SEND POST FREE on receipt of list price.

BATTERY.
H.HL. & L. 3/6; Power 4/-; Super Power 4/6; SG & VS7 7/6; VP 9/-; Pentode Type 10/-; BA & SX 9/-.

A.C. MAINS.
ACHL4 7/6; P625 8/-; ACPX4 9/-; ACSG4 12/6; ACV64 12/6; ACME 13/-; ACHM 13/-; RB41 7/6; RB12 10/-; ACPG4 15/; ACHL4d 9/-; PX25 20/-; ME25 30/-; PX50 50/-.

362 VALVES STONEHAM WORKS STONEHAM RD. LONDON E.5. PHONE CLISSOLD 5607

The Contest Sign

"JOHN BULL'S" NATIONAL WINDOW DISPLAY CONTEST.

Record Must-be-Won First Prize

£1,000

And over 1,000 Cash and other Awards

See article on page 17 and send Coupon below at once.

CUT HERE

To THE MANAGER, "John Bull" National Window Display Contest, 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please enter my name as a competitor in "JOHN BULL'S" National Window Display Contest and send me by return FREE ENTRY OUTFIT containing "John Bull" Window Bills and Entry Label enabling me to compete immediately.

Name.....

Full Title and Address of Shop.....

.....

Nature of Business..... Date.....

Post in unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp

J.B. 5 10 35.

Phantom *Abyssinian* GOLD

There are good gold-mining centres in parts of Africa as this picture shows, but Mr. McLaughlin (right) was tempted to operate a mine in Abyssinia—and suffered severely

Two Concession Fiascos

TO be stranded without money in the heart of Abyssinia is not a pleasant experience, yet this has been the lot of a British subject whose story should serve as a grave warning to others who may feel tempted to accept offers of employment in that most troubled part of Central Africa.

The man who was stranded is an engineer named Mr. Patrick McLaughlin, of Sidcup, in Kent, who went out to Abyssinia twelve months ago to operate a modern gold-mining plant and machinery.

He was employed by a company called Birbir Mines, Ltd., which was one of two quite separate concerns founded to work an Abyssinian concession owned by a French company in a region through which flows what has been called "The River of Gold."

The engineer sailed from London out to Port Sudan, and from thence went to Khartoum, in Lower Egypt. From the first he was faced with all kinds of difficulties, not the least being the task of transporting a huge power-driven excavator over a hundred miles of bush, jungle, lion-infested and mountainous country.

Futile efforts

From a place called Gambeilo he then had to trek to Youbdo, in the interior, and when he arrived at last on the proposed scene of operations a nasty shock awaited him, for the company's prospector, he found, had been "warned off" as a trespasser.

To add to his difficulties he was sadly handicapped by lack of funds, yet Mr. McLaughlin, with his assistants, moved the heavy plant and the unwieldy mechanical "shovel" to a disused mine some little distance away.

The engineers took up residence in dwellings which they found disused near the site of the mine they started working, but within a fortnight the owners appeared on the scene and pulled the structures down.

Yet this was but the beginning of a series of futile efforts and disappointments which can be traced to the misplaced confidence of company directors and speculators in London.

Mr. McLaughlin and his assistants found gold and platinum, but only in small quantities, and though they exerted all their powers, they could not win enough to pay the wages of their native labourers.

To make matters worse, funds were exhausted and no money was forthcoming from England. Before he sailed, Mr. McLaughlin had contracted for his wife and family in Sidcup to receive £25 a month from the company by which he was employed.

Imagine his dismay, therefore, when a cable came from his wife to say that so far she had received nothing.

Thus, in addition to troubles and difficulties on the spot, the engineer was now full of anxiety for his wife and family.

If we are to visualise the scene out in Youbdo—which is in Western Abyssinia—we have to imagine a remote outpost, more than one hundred miles from the nearest telegraph office, the only road leading to which was one constructed by the mining company for the transport of its heavy machinery.

In an effort to secure money for the miners, who dwelt among natives who were not too friendly, the British manager in Abyssinia set out with a motor-lorry.

He took all the petrol he could obtain for his trek through the bush and over mountains, and was absent for two weeks, during which Mr. McLaughlin and his companions were reduced to bartering empty bottles and odd personal effects for necessary food.

In the absence of the British manager, McLaughlin continued dredging for gold, but with even less success than before. Then, one morning, he was confronted by a squad of angry natives who demanded payment for the work they had done

The situation was not relieved when the British manager returned from the telegraph office without the hoped-for funds, having been forced to abandon the lorry, as he had been unable to secure petrol for it.

Meanwhile, at home in England, Mrs. McLaughlin was still experiencing difficulty in securing the payments, which under the terms of her husband's contract were due to her on the first of each month.

As for her husband and his party, their plight might have been desperate indeed but for the timely assistance of a Greek merchant in Gambeilo who came to their rescue.

For four months McLaughlin and his assistants pursued forlorn efforts to win gold or platinum from the "River of Gold" neighbourhood, with little or no support from the company which employed them.

McLaughlin went out one day and found natives diving into the river and bringing up handfuls of sand, which they washed with some success. He forthwith went back to camp and removed all the plant, the machinery and the power-driven "shovel" to this new location.

Inadequate sum

Hopes ran high once more, for the sand they dredged yielded paying quantities of gold; a cable was at once sent to England pleading for financial backing. But their plea was of no avail.

In vain, too, were the hopes of the hard-pressed miners in Youbdo, for after a day or two the gold-bearing strata petered out, and they were left worse off than before.

A native chief who appeared on the scene demanded tribute, either in the form of gold or in rifles and ammunition. The task of placating him can be better imagined than described.

McLaughlin was once more put to the task of transferring the plant and the power-driven "shovel" back to the old mine they had last worked, where, with summer coming on, the toil and the dredging continued.

Two months after they had cabled home for financial backing a cheque came through. It was for the pitifully inadequate sum of £75.

Some idea of the plight of McLaughlin and his companions will be gathered from the fact that their letters had to be sent by messenger over 150 miles of unexplored country.

During a further two months efforts to win gold and platinum went on, during which McLaughlin learned of another company engaged in mining operations at a point six days' journey away.

Strange to relate, the engineer there had likewise been sent out by a London firm in order to contract with a French concern which actually owned the concession; and he, too, sought for gold in vain.

He was Mr. Patrick Ratcliffe, of 1, Lower Way, Thatcham.

His company, like the company which engaged McLaughlin, was founded to contract with a concern called Société Minière Concessions Prasso en Abyssine, and it sunk thousands of pounds in the venture.

In each case the plant and the machinery owned by the company is now derelict on the site of the futile operations which resulted in the engineers being stranded in the wilds.

McLaughlin by this time was owed more than £200 by the firm which had sent him to Abyssinia, and he was forced to the straits of raising money on the sale of a lorry to enable him to reach Khartoum, where he invoked the aid of the British authorities and cabled home to his wife for a further sum. Otherwise he might have been stranded still.

The other Briton, Mr. Ratcliffe, found his contract severed before the end of a year. He, too, is owed £200, yet all efforts to secure redress have failed.

Our sympathies go out to the backers of the ventures, who have undoubtedly lost heavily in gold-mining concessions in Abyssinia; but much more so to those men who left their wives and families behind them in order to carry on with their job thousands of miles from home, trusting that they would at least be adequately backed by the firms behind them.

The bitter experience of Mr. McLaughlin and Mr. Ratcliffe should, we repeat, be borne in mind by others who may be tempted to accept similar offers to work Abyssinian concessions.

A READY HELP

IT'S as well to have a reserve to fall back upon. You're bound to need it some day. You never can tell the day it may come in useful. If you are fortunate enough to have that reserve, it is there—a ready help in time of trouble.

Your reserve may take the form of a nest-egg tucked away, of an investment, or it may be merely a money-box: but as long as it is always available, it affords a feeling of satisfaction and assurance.

There is, for example, a reader of ours residing near Falkirk, whose friends have doubtless wondered what is the secret of his successful outlook on life.

Troubles and misfortunes have come his way in much the same manner that they come the way of most people: and whether we like it or not, we have to concede that it is financial worry that lies at the root of our problems as they come along. That is why a reserve is so essential to happiness.

This reader of ours was injured in an outbreak of fire, so that he was quite incapacitated and unable to follow his employment for a month.

A month is a long time to be out of work. It's amazing how the little bills mount up. A week's wages will not go very far in such a contingency.

Yet the reserve our Falkirk reader had to fall back upon is yours if only you will take advantage of it.

The Falkirk man proved to be a registered reader of JOHN BULL, and thus he was eligible for benefit under our free insurance scheme. "I am writing to thank you for the cheque I received when my husband was burned," his wife's letter reads.

Most of our readers register with us, sooner or later, and if you have not already done so, you'd better turn to page 8 and fill in the coupon.

It's a reserve that will always stand in good stead.

SINISTER BOTT

A HIGHLY profitable method of evading the licensing laws, and one which is causing the authorities at Scotland Yard considerable anxiety, is being openly practised to-day by a number of enterprising individuals who have discovered a way to make money quickly by exploiting a sensational new phase of night life.

They are engaged in the promotion of what are called "Bottle Parties," which within a few months have grown so numerous that a secret conference was recently held at the Home Office with the object of finding some effective means of coping with the scandal.

This conference, which was attended by several of the chief police officers and legal advisers, decided that every effort must be made to stamp out the more disreputable type of professional "Bottle Party."

We can reveal that a report was placed before the members present at this confidential Home Office assembly in which the details of a long enquiry, conducted by a picked squad of Scotland Yard detectives, were given about numerous "Bottle Party" establishments that have come under official observation during the past six months.

The facts in this report were truly alarming, and disclosed the existence of a growing menace which, unless put down quickly, is likely to become even more serious than the "night club" one ever was.

Since last November, nearly 220 "Bottle Party" haunts, some of them luxurious in their settings, others indescribably drab and sordid, have been opened within a square mile of Piccadilly Circus, London. And in the more pretentious establishments it is officially estimated that the aggregate weekly profits must be between £20,000 and £30,000!

The originator

Figures of such a staggering character have naturally given Lord Trenchard, the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, food for thought.

It was Lord Trenchard who, completing the task begun by the late Lord Byng, cleaned up the illicit night club life of London. Now he is faced with the fact that "Bottle Party" profiteers have found a loophole in the licensing laws, so that he has no legal control over their operations. But he and the Home Office are putting their heads together to discover a remedy.

The evil has grown so rapidly that in one small square in London's West End there are no fewer than seven of these nocturnal haunts, where drinking, singing and dancing are indulged in throughout the night.

In five different streets, all within a stone's-throw of the lights of Piccadilly Circus, there are sixty-one of these drinking dens. In another popular thoroughfare there are eleven; in another, nine.

Some are less brazen than others, but they all have one common note. That is the crazy transformation of night into day for the exotic pleasures of the "guests" and the financial profit of the promoters.

It was the famous model, Dolores, who shortly before her death started the "Bottle Party" craze that is now getting such a firm hold on the night life of London. Dolores did not do it for money. She did it in her insatiable craving for hilarity and pleasure, because she was tired of drinking in night clubs which were constantly being raided by the police for licensing offences.

She was told by a friend that the police would be powerless to bring a successful prosecution under the Licensing Acts if guests at a party, or club, brought their own bottles, or ordered them to be delivered in advance from a wine merchant's or off-licence establishment.

So she held a series of small "Bottle Parties" at a flat in the West End, inviting her guests through the medium of little printed cards.

Professional purveyors of night life were quick to seize upon Dolores' clever little idea to defeat the law and set about to exploit it on the most profitable and spectacular scale possible.

In the heart of the West End there is a well-appointed establishment where from ten o'clock each night until four or five next morning, people visit this haunt, which has been staging lavish "Bottle Parties" for several months.

A band plays dance music, dance hostesses partner visitors on a parquet floor for a fee, and waiters dispense drink of all kinds.

A so-called invitation card shown at the entrance of certain "Bottle Parties" is sufficient to gain admittance, where dancing and drinking continue throughout the night

The other evening a visitor to this particular "Bottle Party" club arrived with two friends and found no difficulty in gaining admission, though none were members.

The doorman "sized" him up as being a suitable visitor, and the formality of "signing in" him and his friends was carried out by another member to whom one of the officials of the club nodded. Escorted to a table, he was asked for his order, and at the same time a slip of paper was handed to him.

Intimating that he could have as much drink as he liked, the waiter asked him to write his requirements on a slip of paper.

He ordered a bottle of whisky, a syphon of soda, and a sandwich for each of his guests. Within a few moments the order was complied with and a bill for 37s. 6d. tendered.

JOHN

Amazing

The bottle of whisky cost 25s.; the sandwiches, worth about twopence, 2s. each; and the syphon, 6s. 6d.

As it was midnight when the trio entered this haunt, the question naturally arises as to where the whisky came from. If the proprietor kept it for sale on his premises he would be committing an offence under the Licensing Acts, and the police could raid the establishment and charge him with selling intoxicating liquor without a licence!

How, then, was he able to get round the law, provide the liquor so rapidly, and still be immune from prosecution?

The answer is simple, though perhaps a little incredible.

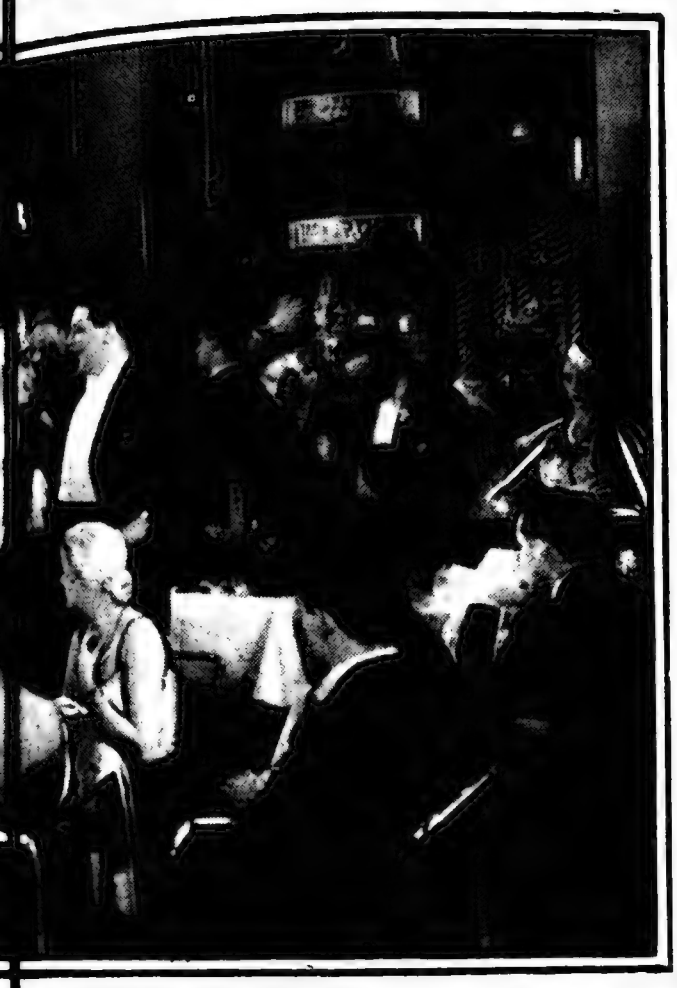
The proprietor, and others like him, has two ways open to him at present of evading the law.

He can come to a prior arrangement with a near-by wine and spirit merchant by which he orders so many bottles of different brands of liquor *in advance* for delivery *when requested;* or he can simultaneously run, in association with others, the near-by wine store from which he obtains his nocturnal supplies!

The fact that the drink is delivered *at any hour of the day or night* does not matter provided it can be proved that it has been ordered *in advance.*

Champagne at this club costs from 35s. to £2 2s. a bottle, and, when one considers that most of the people who frequent a place

TLE PARTIES



BULL'S Revelations

of this class do not care what they pay, or how much drink they consume, the opportunities for exploitation are unlimited.

A few streets away is a very noisome den. This occupies two floors of a building, and caters for men and women of mixed types. Drink can be obtained at all hours whenever a "Bottle Party" is in progress. Fantastic charges are made for wines and spirits, and some of the "dances" which have been performed for the amusement of patrons are exotic, to say the least.

Although the police have received several complaints about this club, they have not been able to take any action for the reasons we have already given. For the establishment is properly registered as a club (if such it can really be called), and it is nobody's business to intervene so long as the drink served there is ordered *in advance*.

Glasses thrown

A week or two ago a terrible fracas took place at this club. About three in the morning, while the orchestra was playing a Rumba tune and a woman dancer was swaying to and fro on the stage, a quarrel arose between several men. Tables were overturned, glasses thrown about, tapestries torn down, and people assaulted.

Police officers from Vine Street investigated the affair and five men were arrested. All turned out to be undesirable persons with criminal records! A notorious "Bottle Party" promoter is Oscar Logan, who at one time conducted a drinking haunt in New Oxford Street called "The Harlem," which was twice raided by the police — once after two or three women had been assaulted. The entrance to the club was guarded with an iron grille fastened with a steel chain, while electric alarm buzzers and danger lights were operated from the door by a porter who was armed with a knuckle-duster.

After it closed down, Logan opened a luxuriously furnished "Bottle Party" apartment in Leicester Square, with a band, cabaret singers and dancing hostesses. He called it the "Hot Cha." That was towards the end of last year, and it was not long before the police received complaints.

To get round the law, Logan charged his "guests" five shillings for admission "towards expenses," and supplied them with drink at the usual fancy prices. Every arrival was given a little printed form to sign, which ran: "I hereby declare that I have been invited to a private party given by Mr. Oscar Logan, and that I have contributed 5s. towards the expenses."

Usual defence

Police officers disguised were given this form to sign, and Logan assured them that they were guests "at a party, not a club, and the police can't touch us." One "party" disguised officers attended was supposed to have been given by a gentleman described as "Victor Hugo."

As the place was obviously a drinking den with all its liquor stored on the premises, a prosecution followed, and Logan appeared at Bow Street charged with selling alcoholic liquor without a licence.

His defence was the usual one put up by "Bottle Party" promoters—he said that *his visitors gave their orders beforehand to a wine company with which the "Hot Cha" was doing business*, and therefore the law was not being violated.

The magistrate, Mr. Dummett, in view of the police evidence that complete strangers were sold drink once the form was signed, told Logan that his story was fatuous and fined him £200.

But that fine was not hot enough for Logan. Within a few days the "Hot Cha" was as busy as ever. But so were the police. And another raid followed.

This time Logan was sent to jail, the magistrate saying that he had defied the law by carrying on an unlicensed public-house which was very profitable.

There is another "Bottle Party" haunt, which is run in exquisite and colourful surroundings on the top floor of a large building off Shaftesbury Avenue. Its frequenters include wealthy young men and women from Mayfair and a number of actors and actresses. Indeed, the proprietors take care that people whose reputations are known to be undesirable are rigidly excluded.

Dolores, the famous model, began the Bottle Party craze after being told of a loophole in the licensing laws

There is an excellent dancing floor, a band and comfortable settees and chairs. The top floor is used only for dancing and the consumption of sandwiches and light drinks.

The "Bottle Parties," which are a feature of the nocturnal programme, take place in another branch of the establishment altogether. To reach this one must descend from the brightly lit top floor down a dark and dingy flight of stairs to a gloomy and eerie apartment below.

The walls of this are a vision of utter melancholy. There are drawings upon all of them of graveyards and tombs, gravestones and crosses.

Piercing noise

An electrical contrivance, hidden from view, sends a periodic and piercing moan through the place, reminiscent of wind howling through the trees in a storm, while at one end of the dim parlour stands, stark and grey, a wax cenotaph around the cross of which are hanging imitation evergreens and floral wreaths. This is supposedly to commemorate the death of "D.O.R.A."

Cobwebs and skulls hang from the darkened ceilings, and black tables, got up to look like giant coffins, are placed all around the room. Here, with occasional lighting effects to represent lightning, the all-night "Bottle Parties" proceed, with dancing until the dawn. The wines and other drinks consumed are partaken at the coffin-tables under the subdued light of sombre, shaded lamps.

Food at some of these "Bottle Party" establishments is charged for at exorbitant prices. Eggs and bacon on an average cost 7s. 6d.; sandwiches anything from 2s. to 5s.; a kipper with toast 5s., and a shilling packet of cigarettes, half-a-crown.

The police have evidence that, in one case which recently came under their notice, a wine merchant made over £8,000 profit in seven months.

One "Bottle Party" promoter is financially interested in seventeen different establishments, while another is associated with six.

Of course, not all "Bottle Parties" are run on these objectionable lines. Some of them, which take place in Mayfair, are usually organised for entertainment and not profit, and visitors to them can only gain admission by showing authentic invitation cards.

But, obviously, some drastic action should be taken in every case where a "Bottle Party" is staged solely for the financial gain of promoters who are exploiting a loophole in the law.

Action is all the more urgent since the evil is now extending to provincial towns. The police have received complaints at Brighton, Manchester, Maidenhead and many other places.

Several Members of Parliament have drawn the attention of the Home Secretary to individual complaints brought to their notice, and only recently Sir Herbert Morgan, presiding over a banquet of the National Federation of Off-Licence Holders' Associations, deplored the 'amazing stupidity and lack of Parliamentary control over 'Bottle Parties.' They were a source of very great danger."

Certainly our disclosures will leave no doubt in the public mind that a new night-life evil has arisen. The sooner the law is amended to stamp it out the better.

COCOA IMPROVED!

SECRET OF NEW ROWNTREE DISCOVERY

More digestible than ever —more body-strengthening for the whole family

HERE'S news for you! For years you've known how enjoyable and nourishing cocoa is.

Now, after four years' research work with a great London hospital, Rowntrees have discovered a new predigestion process that makes cocoa better than ever! Without adding or taking anything away, this discovery makes Rowntree's Cocoa more nourishing than ordinary cocoa—more body-strengthening—better for the digestion than any cocoa ever made before. With Rowntree's your whole family will get more good from their meals. No change in price.

FAMOUS SCIENTIST EXPLAINS

This newly discovered predigestion process makes Rowntree's Cocoa better in these five ways:

1. *Rowntree's Cocoa digests more easily than ordinary cocoa.*
2. *Helps your stomach to digest meals better.*
3. *Is more strengthening for certain vital parts of the body than ordinary cocoa.*
4. *It makes milk twice as digestible.*
5. *Guards against digestive trouble and stomach acidity.*

FREE — HANDSOME WATCH!

Only one of hundreds of valuable Free Gifts to be had in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa Coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. CF 2, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Gift Booklet. Free Gift Coupons in every tin.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

HELPS DIGESTION

JOHN BULL Readers' Stories

"I could not avoid him, and as our eyes met I thanked the stars we had never let him know . . ."

For Auction—a Guilty Secret!

WHICH is of greater value to a man, a few hundred pounds — which, in the case of the person I have in mind, would not suffice to bring him the happiness that it might bring to many another person—or complete peace of mind?

During the few years that have elapsed since the incidents I am relating came to a close, I have often pondered on this problem. For, unknown to the man, I had done him a great wrong. He does not know to this day, mainly because I had to take a swift decision on the question.

I am sure he is the happier for it, and that is why I think I chose rightly in those few moments in which I had to make up my mind.

He was a good friend of mine, and the wrong concerned—his wife. She had left him for me, and though our companionship lasted only a few weeks, it was a period of unforgettable happiness.

She returned when she found (how often is it so?) that marriage ties were too strong to resist. Unmarried people cannot understand that being so. I know I didn't at the time, and from the moment Diana Carroll (let us call her that) returned to her husband, I began to slip, and my business as a fashionable West End jeweller dwindled. Prosperity changed to poverty, and within eighteen months my business had degenerated to such an extent that I found great difficulty in selling it up. Then for a few more months I had to fight hard to get a living, and I became a "tout" —there is no other word for it—in the trade of which I had only a short time before been a prominent member.

I spent most of my time hanging around auction rooms, carrying out little commissions, and generally lowering my prestige in the eyes of people who had formerly regarded me with great respect.

Then one day it happened. At one of these auction rooms I ran into Herbert Carroll. Diana's husband. My friend.

I could not avoid him, and as our eyes met I thanked the stars that we had never let him know of the relationship that had existed between us while she had been living apart from him.

No doubt he had heard of my fall, for as a large property owner he did much business with auctioneers, and my position must inevitably have reached his ears in the course of "trade" gossip.

He was tactfully sympathetic, as he approached me with hand outstretched, and not unnaturally a wave of remorse swept me. Though fifty, and twelve or thirteen years older than me and his wife, he looked nothing more than my own age—slim and straight—a picture of health, and, as I could not help thinking enviously, a darling of the gods.

"I seem to have been having all the luck these last few months, Frank," he said, after I had told him, more or less frankly, my position. "You're too useful to the trade to be doing what you are. May I help you?"

To my immense relief, it was not mere financial aid he was offering, and within a week I was, thanks to Herbert Carroll's efforts, in a moderately paid job with an auctioneering firm.

Money did not come to me with anything like the steady flow that it had when I was in my own business, but I felt as if I were starting a new life. It was the tonic that a steady job brings to those who have known long spells of idleness and poverty.

As time sped by my earlier experience and knowledge of high-class jewellery and second-grade works of art brought me many good commissions, and my firm began to allow me to use this experience in dealing with most of their business in this direction.

I became a fully-fledged auctioneer, travelling down to large country house sales, handling West End auctions attended by dealers with world reputations, and once more I felt happy.

At intervals Carroll would place some big business in my direction. This never failed to remind me of the great service he had done me in placing me in the job I now held; never failed to make me feel a tinge of remorse at the part I had played in *his* life.

Then came the shock. A big City scandal, which had been hinted at by one or two papers for a month or so, was laid bare by the arrest of a company promoter. In the revelations that followed during the ensuing few weeks a number of investors found themselves ruined—and one of the hardest hit was Herbert Carroll.

Like most property owners he had regarded bricks and mortar as the safest and most lucrative investment, but he had been tempted by a prospectus from the crook promoter which had a large building operation as its bait. And so Carroll was among the victims.

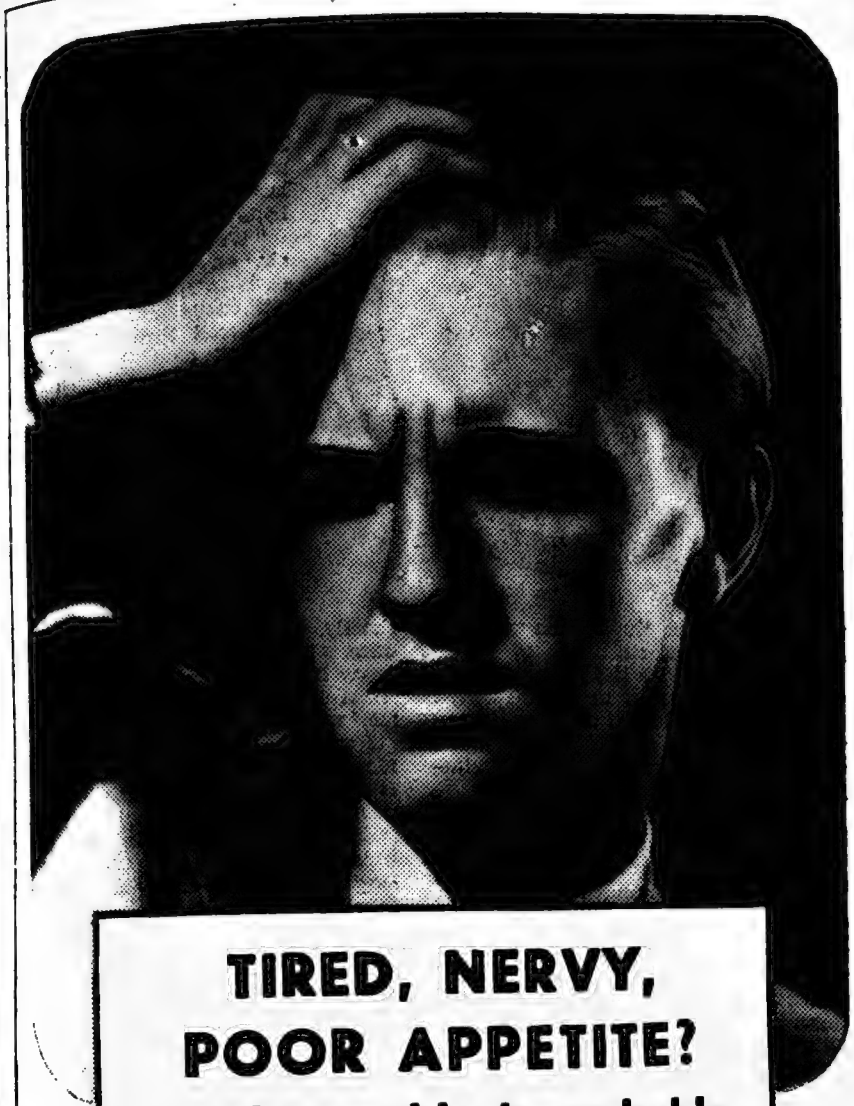
Just how deeply he was involved I did not know until I met him near the offices of my firm.

His face and general appearance told me all I wanted to know. The tanned skin had become pallid, his erect figure had wilted. He looked nearer seventy than fifty.

We shook hands.

"Everything's gone, Frank. My com-

(Continued on page 26)



TIRED, NERVY, POOR APPETITE?

. . . the trouble is probably in your food!

Doctors explain that the body needs a natural Tonic Vitamin *scarce in most modern foods . . .* Oats *contain this* nerve-nourishing Vitamin!

The constant popularity of Quaker Oats over so many years, and the unwavering faith—justified abundantly by results—which millions of people have held in its unique nourishing and health-promoting qualities have recently been more than justified by important scientific discoveries.

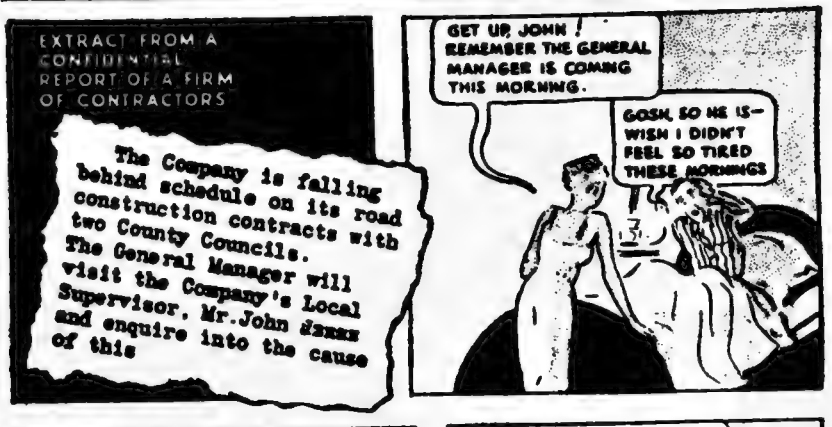
Doctors have for long known that the body needs a regular daily supply of the *nerve-nourishing* Vitamin B, lack of which has proved a direct cause of "nerviness," indigestion, poor appetite and constipation. Now scientists have revealed that Quaker Oats, made from the world's finest oats, grown and ripened in sunny Canada, contain a far larger proportion of this important Vitamin than has hitherto been realised. This discovery means that a daily supply of this essential tonic Vitamin can now be enjoyed in the pleasantest most economical way—simply by a daily breakfast of delicious, creamy Quaker Oats. No cold cereal warmed with hot milk can compare with Quaker Oats freshly cooked and served hot—and Quick Quaker is prepared in 4 minutes. Quaker Oats is sold only in *sealed packets* so that it is always perfectly fresh and free from dust.

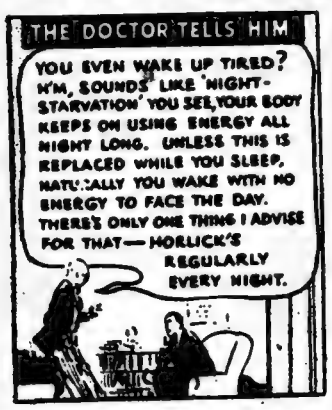
205B

There's nerve-nourishing
VITAMIN *in* QUAKER OATS
. . . 40 *vitalising breakfasts for* 8½*d.*

HOW COULD I MAKE MY MEN WORK HARD

-when I felt I was slacking myself?





What sort of working pace do YOU set?

If you feel as John did, lacking energy, waking tired every morning, it's ten to one you're suffering from "Night-Starvation." You use up energy while you sleep. If this is not replaced, you wake tired — "Night-Starved."

Horlick's regularly at bedtime prevents "Night-Starvation" and builds reserves of energy to carry you through the hardest day. Horlick's is economical, too — the milk is in it, just add water. Prices from 2/- Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY
WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY

Make your Cake the easy way with a Stork Recipe—

Turn to p. 27 and fill in the Coupon for Free Cookery Book

Being a chemist, he knew all about the properties of Oxydol, the wonderful new washing discovery. You yourself can tell it is safe by the way it washes colours. When you're doing pots and dishes 4 or 5 times a day, it's worth finding the best way! Keep a big 3½d. Oxydol or the new giant 6d. size always by you at the sink for washing-up. Use it too for every kind of household cleaning, besides your weekly wash.

OXYDOL

GIVES A BIGGER TUB OF SUDS

Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A GUILTY SECRET—*continued from page 24*

The PRICE of SILENCE

mitments are terrific." He mentioned the name of the head of my firm. "I've got an appointment with him now. It's the end of my property. . . ."

I was staggered when I heard within the next few days that *all* Herbert Carroll's property—his "safe-as-houses" investment—was to be auctioned to meet financial claims upon him.

Then came the final blow, the cruellest blow that Fate could have delivered to this man whom I had not long before envied as a "darling of the gods."

When a man faces ruin it is sometimes consolation to feel that one has a mate with whom one's sorrows can be shared. But Herbert Carroll was to be robbed of even this, for two days after the sale Diana was fatally injured in a London street accident, a saloon car which had skidded crushing her body against the side of a tramcar.

The newspapers next took up the story of this "broken-hearted business man who, dogged by cruel luck, has lost the major part of his fortune and his wife within a short time, and has now decided to sell up his luxurious mansion on the outskirts of London and live in retirement on the Dorset coast. . . ."

But that was only part of the truth, for "the major part of his fortune" was the whole of it; his luxurious mansion was already sold. What Carroll was now selling was its contents.

This part of the business was given to me to handle, and the auction was held in the actual mansion.

I did my best with the big "lots," and quite a large sum had been realised before we reached such items as library "lots"—he had never placed much value in books—and the cheaper paintings that he had.

We had actually moved into the library for this part of the sale, and Carroll came up to me just before I was about to resume.

"I hope you won't think I'm being heartless, Frank," he began, a trifle nervously, "but I've decided to put in some of her belongings"—he deliberately avoided using Diana's name—"not because I need the money, but it seems rather a useless kind of sentimentality to keep it."

I nodded agreement, sympathetically. We both seemed rather at a loss for words then, and idly watched my assistant sorting over the odds and ends of the final "lots."

His hands were running through a small heap of cheap trinkets as Carroll looked towards him, and he smiled weakly:—

"I suppose I ought to have known better than to put that in, but there's rather a lot of it and I have no use for it"—he motioned with his hands helplessly—"she was so fond of little bits like that. . . ."

"We'll do our best with it, sir, anyway," responded my assistant, well-meaningly but without tact.

Carroll then left us. Our "best" brought fifteen shillings for that collection of fancy glass trinkets.

"Apart from that last lot," remarked my assistant as we drove away, "you did better than any other auctioneer I know could have done. You never let 'em get away with a penny. Still, he was an old friend of yours, wasn't he?"

"Yes," I replied somewhat shortly, "he did me a very good turn once, and I suppose I was trying to repay him."

"Well, you certainly did, if you ask me," was my companion's brief rejoinder.

I wonder. True, the sale had realised more than anyone had estimated. But—*it could have realised nearly a thousand pounds more, for among that heap of trikets was an emerald ring, dirtied through mere careless ownership, belonging to Diana, and which was worth nine hundred guineas.*

But in Herbert Carroll's plight his peace of mind was worth more than that sum. He had not been aware of its worth, and for his sake I let it go in with the trinkets.

You see, I had given it to Diana.

That's why I wonder if I did right; not simply to shield myself, but for Herbert Carroll's sake. I think I did.

"The Greatest of These—"

Trail of Trouble

Doris
She may smile, but . . .

"I SERVED," states twelve-year-old Doris's father, for two and a half years in France and Italy. I won the Military Medal at the age of nineteen at Ypres, and was wounded in Italy in June, 1918, for which I have a pension of 12s. weekly. Through my wound I am unable to do a lot of hard work, as I had a silver plate in my right leg."

In spite of his disability he managed to work fairly well until about eighteen months ago, when a long trail of trouble began with one of his little girls being taken away from home suffering from diphtheria. When she returned, the youngest child, now aged four, was taken away with the same complaint.

After that, the children's dad was laid up with 'flu, and his work had to be abandoned for a month, leaving him with his pension and 18s. National Health Insurance on which to support himself, wife and five children, of whom Doris is the eldest.

When he recovered, the only boy of the family, aged eleven, had to undergo two operations for mastoid. The lad's life was despaired of, and for a month his parents had to keep constant watch by his side, during which time the 12s. pension and what friends could spare was their sole means.

The consequent worry laid up Doris's father again, which was further aggravated by the death of his brother, and his little boy developing an internal complaint.

The doctor ordered him away for a change, but this he could not afford, especially as his wife's health now collapsed and she was unfit to look after the household. Her worries have been increased by the expectations of another child at the end of this year.

"This last six months," says Doris's father, "my income has averaged 30s. a week. If we could only get on to a straight footing it would be a load off our minds, and give us a chance to pull back to normal health again."

"His home has been visited with much sickness, and the affairs of life have gone hard against him," says his minister. His doctor, who knows the family well, also considers it a "very deserving case."

"Feel for others," said Mr. Spurgeon, "in your pocket." If, therefore, our readers, who wish to show compassion for Doris's family in a practical way, will send donations earmarked "Doris," these, as also subscriptions for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Autumn Double

THE autumn double is now our main consideration, and the backing of Highlander for the Cambridgeshire, has been significant. So, too, has the support accorded to Doreen Jane for the Cesarewitch.

Actually, Doreen Jane and Shining Cloud, in the same ownership, are equally fancied for the long-distance event, judging by the odds ruling as I write.

I mentioned Shining Cloud as likely for the Newbury Cup, but, apparently, connections preferred not to risk incurring a penalty for the big Newmarket race, and so she has a shining chance in this. But nothing appeals to me like Tommaok. M. Hartigan's French-bred charge. I think that, in all probability, Tommaok will be my selection on the day of the race.

As mentioned, Highlander has been well backed for the shorter race, and Finalist, O. Bell's charge, is a "hot" order. Nevertheless, I am satisfied that Law Court, from Epsom, will give them all something to do and, though Theft has been "quiet," he must still be considered.

I am quite satisfied with the double-event selections which I put up some time ago.

My double for this week-end I allot to Friday's racing at Newmarket. Vitality in the Norwich Handicap and Watchdog in the Bretby Welter appeal to me.

The racing on Saturday takes place at Kempton Park, where, for the Duke of York Handicap, the Aga Khan has accepted with Theft and Pampeiro, the latter a three-year-old, French-bred.

Wychwood Abbot, too, is an acceptor with the top weight of 9 st 7 lb. Our champion handicapper is not out of it with this impost, but I have a slight preference for the Aga Khan's selected. I shall, however, make my final choice through the medium of the Code.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 3, to Wednesday, October 9.

W N 96 S O Y 97 L V H J I 95 G E D
X U 2 93 B A K R 98 T F 94 M P Q C

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: JRY95QUDS would read FLAMENCO. Where a double letter occurs in in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. PLQ2UBLQ would read GREENORE.

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Fill in your name and address and send this voucher to Van den Berghs & Jurgens (Sales) Ltd., Dept. 918, Unilever House, London, E.C.4, in an unsealed ½d-stamped envelope.

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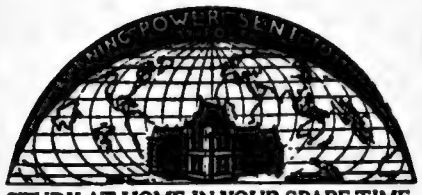
Half way through the evening is time for TEA



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Engineering, all branches, subjects and examinations
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Industrial Chemistry
Insurance
Mathematics
Matriculation
Metallurgy
Mining, all subjects
Mining, Electrical Engineering
Motor Engineering
Motor Trade
Municipal and County Engineers
Naval Architecture
Pattern Making
Police, Special Course
Preceptors, College of
Pumps and Pumping Machinery
Radio Service Engineering
Radio Communication
Road Making and Maintenance
Salesmanship
Sanitation
Secretarial Exams.
Ship-building
Shorthand (Pitman's)
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If you do not see your own requirements above, write to us on any subject.

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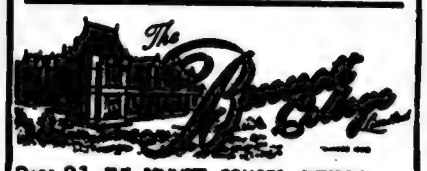

Dept. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD

The Other Man . .

THIS article is of special interest to those—and there are many—who have come up against the age-long conflict. . . . Which should come first—love or duty?

That question does not concern only the young, as the following letter will show:—

Would a deceitful wife ever regain her peace of mind if she lost her unsuspecting husband's trust?

HUMAN DOCUMENTS by PHILIP INMAN

When a young woman, I met and fell in love with a man seven years my senior, but my people did not encourage him. About the same time a young man used to come with his parents to see us. He played the piano very well, and as I was a singer we naturally became interested in each other. Some time later he asked me to marry him, and after considering his proposal I consented, thinking that our mutual love of music would bring us happiness.

The other man married and came to live in the same district. I met him one day, and he introduced me to his wife. She seemed very pleased to know me as she had no friends in the neighbourhood, and encouraged me to visit them, which proved fatal, as her husband and I soon found that we still were in love with each other.

After we had been married for six months, my husband had to go abroad on business. He wanted me to go with him, but I did not feel I could tear myself away from the other man, and made the excuse that I did not want to leave my mother and the few music pupils I had. While my husband was away, the other man paid me great attention, unknown to his wife. We met very often, and when my husband came back we still met secretly, and this went on for quite a long time.

Then we agreed that we would not see each other again and he moved away from the district. I saw or heard nothing of him at all and seemed to settle down very happily. I had three children, and for eighteen years was quite content

About three years ago my old lover came to see me. We had only been together for half an hour when we realised that we loved each other more than ever, though we are both over fifty years of age. My husband is one of the best, and he thinks I am, too. But in spite of it all my old lover and myself cannot keep away from each other. We feel we do not want to break up two homes, but the longing to be together is terrible and is making us feel quite ill.

NOW let us face the position frankly. If this woman followed her inclinations she and her lover would be living together. But what would that entail? The breaking up of two homes, the shattering of her husband's trust and the likely contempt of her children.

Would this woman ever have a moment's peace if she were responsible for so great a havoc? I can't believe she would. There might be some reason for her conduct if her husband had treated her badly. But in her own words "he is one of the best." In view of that fact I can't understand how she has continued to deceive him right through the years.

She may say, "We cannot help our feelings." That may be true, but we can control them. If everybody gave vent to their emotions, we should have a world of weaklings and of cowards. The universal creed would be "Let us eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow we die."

If this woman persists in meeting this man secretly there is a grave danger that her intrigue will be discovered. Before that happens, let me remind her of those eighteen years when she never saw the other man, and yet was quite happy and content.

In my judgment the only course open to her is to break off that attachment at once. She should refuse to see the man again. And if she requires any compensation she will find it in a clear conscience and the continued trust and love of her husband and family.

IN my next problem there are also two homes in jeopardy. This time it is a husband who writes:—

I am a young married man with one boy. My wife, who is of a very cold and repressed nature, thinks little or nothing of me beyond providing the amenities of life.

Recently a young woman has come into my life whom I love most dearly. She reciprocates my affection and I would willingly sacrifice all my home ties for her, but unfortunately she, too, is married. I do not wish to break up two homes, but my life has been most hypocritical of late.

My little son is my greatest problem. I love him, and as he is now three years old he needs a father's guiding hand. He would miss me at first as we are the best of pals, and it would be a most painful wrench for me to part from him, but I know I cannot exist much longer as I am. I cannot avoid meeting this woman.

I have noted your most human and sensible replies to previous queries, and I do ask for your helpful advice. Would it be too great a wrong if we left our respective homes and lived in each other's company, or should we carry on living a lie and with no happiness for any of us?

This young man tells me that the "young woman who has come into his life" is also married. He does not tell me why she prefers him to her husband. No doubt she has some complaint against her man. There is nothing easier than finding faults in those with whom we live. And my correspondent and his new love would discover there was something wrong with each other if they became man and wife. Simply because human nature *is* human with all its imperfections. Those who are wise look for the best in their partners and make allowances for the worst.

My correspondent says that his wife has a cold and repressed nature. But she is the mother of his child. And that is a link which binds most couples together. If he goes away with this other woman he will lose his little boy. That is one important aspect of the problem he must consider. Another is the wreckage of this other woman's home. It is a grave responsibility, as he himself fully recognises.

These are some of the questions I think he must ask himself: "Is love for my wife dead and not merely dormant? Would it mean much to her if we parted and possibly divorced? Is my attraction for the other girl due to affection and not simply infatuation? Is she justified in leaving her husband for me? If she can so lightly break her marriage vows, would she not as easily discard me for somebody else? And finally, in view of my love for my little boy, can I contemplate losing him?"

Nobody but himself can answer those questions. But they should enable him to reach a decision.

Sir Walter Scott said, "What a tangled web we weave when first we practise to deceive." My next correspondent has discovered this to her cost:—

My husband has been unemployed for over two years, and with two children to support on twenty-five shillings a week existence has been not merely drab and trying, but exceedingly difficult. Last year my husband introduced me to one of his acquaintances who is a widower, and he became a frequent visitor at our house. As we became more friendly he told me he knew my husband was unfaithful to me and offered to give me a change from the monotony of life. Foolishly I believed him and went with him to places of amusement without my husband's knowledge.

Gradually our intimacy grew until my husband discovered what was going on. I told him what I had heard about his own unfaithfulness, but he was able to prove that there was no truth whatever in this accusation. He had always been true to me. For the children's sake he forgave me, and we were getting back once more to our old affection and happiness when I found I was pregnant, and I have no doubt whatever that the other man is responsible. What am I to do? Would it be possible, do you think, to get the child adopted by some childless couple?

I have said before that I can never understand people who will listen to outsiders before their own folk.

THE man who said these things must be an utter cad. But that does not excuse this woman for giving in to him. She ought to be thankful that for the sake of the children her husband has so far forgiven her.

Her duty is perfectly clear. She must now tell him just what she has told me.

If this little child is going to be a constant reminder of a painful episode which both my correspondent and her husband desire to forget, then it is wise to have it adopted. In that event, the best thing is to write to the National Adoption Society, Baker Street, London, W.1. I know that the officials investigate every application from foster-parents and assure themselves that the adopted bairn will be in good and kind hands.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

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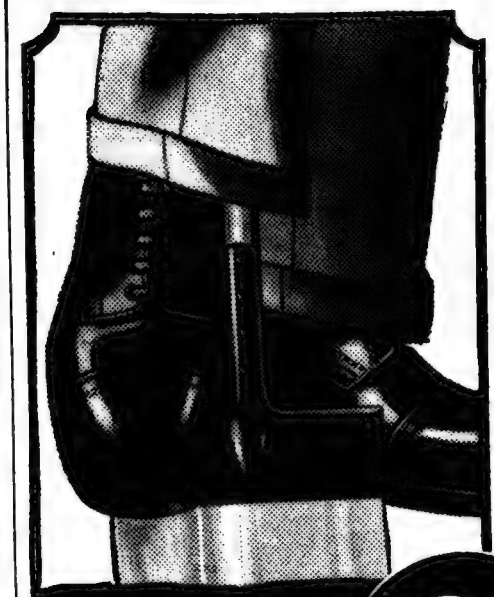

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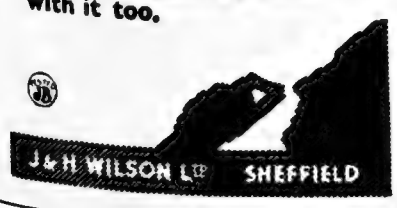

J. & H. WILSON LTD. SHEFFIELD

Result of Crossword Competition No. 322.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following seven competitors, who share the £850 offered:—

Miss M. Allman, 9, Winllan Avenue, Llandudno; Mr. Barrett, White Place, Cookham, Maidenhead, Berks; S. Hodges, 31, High Street, Christchurch, Hants; T. Preston, 24, Westcombe Road, Liverpool, 4; Mrs. S. Rutland, 10, Upperthorpe Road, Killamarsh, Sheffield; F. G. Standish, Mill House, Rayne, Braintree, Essex; E. Thackery, 105, Oaklands Avenue, Edmonton, N.9.

To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £121 8s. 7d. and a "Ferranti" All-mains Universal Radio Receiver will be sent.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, October 15, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of Solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 91 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £1 2s. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

Surprise Awards were won by 644 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.

In consequence of a successful scrutiny, Mrs. W. Hanan, Rathcormac, Co. Cork, has been added to the list of one-error sharers of £750 in Crossword No. 319, each of whom has now received a cheque for £68 3s. 8d. in accordance with the Rules.

Turn to Pages 40 and 41 at once for details of "John Bull's" Colossal Crossword Offer this week. A Life Pension of £3 Weekly and £1,500 Cash (or a Lump Sum of £4,000) and other big cash prizes MUST BE WON. Do not miss this wonderful opportunity of winning a fortune—make up your mind to enter this great Contest to-day.

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If you have a good dog, beware, for the increased demand for expensive breeds has caused thieves to become busier than ever

He's After Your DOG . .

ONE of most profitable forms of minor crime is growing, for the dog thief is busy gathering in a bumper autumn harvest.

During the past month the number of valuable dogs, reported by distressed owners to the police as missing, has shown a considerable increase in London, and there is not the slightest doubt that the majority of those pets has been deliberately stolen.

Offers of rewards and painstaking inquiries fail to retrieve the lost dogs. They have disappeared without trace; snatched away for sale in the stolen dog market.

It is, of course, in London—where the field of selection is so infinite—that the most skilful dog thieves operate, but each large centre of population suffers from the professional stealers.

The traffic is carefully organised. It is directed by a band of dishonest dealers, who remain hidden in the background. Their agents do the actual stealing for commission payments while the principals draw the large profits.

At the present time, the dogs which the thieves are chiefly seeking are Aberdeen, Cairn, Sealyham and wire-haired terriers, and Dachshunds. That is for the simple reason that the demand for such house dogs is at its peak, and prices rule high.

There is also a particular fashion for Aberdeen and other "Scotties" on the Continent, which is inflating sale values.

Indeed in France the ownership of a well-bred Aberdeen has become a craze. Witness the case of a wealthy merchant of Lyons, who lately chartered a private airplane to convey him to London and back in order that he could buy a good Aberdeen as a twenty-first birthday present for his daughter.

A myth

Probably half the dogs stolen in England are now being shipped to the Continent. The others are disposed of by advertisement, or at the less reputable dog shops, whose owners are not inquisitive as to the source from which they acquire their stock.

There is a popular idea that many stolen dogs ultimately reach "Club Row," that picturesque kerbstone market in the East End of London, but that is not so to-day. The methods adopted for the illicit traffic are far more astute. "Club Row" now has an unsullied reputation.

Dog stealing and sale is one of the safest of dishonest trades, because unless the thief is caught "red-handed" it is practically impossible to secure sufficient evidence for a successful prosecution.

To some extent the law actually assists the crooks, as it is no offence to keep a "stray" dog, if the finding of the animal is reported to the police.

Should a stray be reported in this way, then a certificate is given to the finder at the police station entitling him to keep the animal for a month.

If during that period no claim on the dog is made by the rightful owner, the finder is quite free to do whatever he may wish with it.

Now it is easy to appreciate how a regulation such as that plays into the hands of the practised dog thief. A dog is stolen—say at Hampstead, and he is reported as a stray find to the police at Hammersmith, and a certificate issued.

Scarcely likely that the owner at Hampstead will go as far afield from his locality as to enquire at Hammersmith if a dog like his has been found and is being retained in a "good home" as a stray.

By this method a thief may secure some sort of title to a number of dogs picked up in various parts of the metropolis.

The way out

Even if enquiries should be made by the owner of a lost dog the "finder," or rather thief, has a ready way out.

He always has in his kenneis a dog answering to the description of the stray he has reported. Indeed that one particular dog can do duty on several occasions. He is a stock dog, to be shown to an enquirer, and is, of course, not recognised. "What a pity he is not your dog," says the sympathetic "finder."

Meanwhile the stolen dog has probably been sold in the Midlands or North, or transported to France

Very little is done by the professional thieves in the way of altering the appearance of the dogs they pick up. That is not necessary. The only precaution taken is to sell a stolen animal to a customer living a long way from the home of the original owner.

Often before dogs are stolen the thief knows where he can dispose of them. Through the intelligence department of this traffic a thief gets a message that two Cairns and three Aberdeens of a certain age and size are needed by a retail salesman in Yorkshire.

So the principal calls two of his employees and instructs them to "bring that lot in quickly."

Already the whereabouts of likely dogs are marked down, for the head of a stolen-dog agency has his watchers out constantly. Regularly reports are made to him. He has a kind of directory of good dogs, kept up to date by frequent observation.

Many are the devices used in the actual stealing of the dogs. Frequently the thieves are young women who have been trained as kennel maids. A woman is usually better and quicker in stealing a dog than a man.

Enticed away from its owner or its home by a piece of meat, doped with oil of aniseed, the dog is lured into a saloon motor-car. There it is dropped into a basket, and the car driven away.

Working in couples with a motor-car, a man and a girl thief may easily round up four valuable dogs in a morning.

Most often dogs are stolen when out with their owners. The attention of the owner is distracted for a moment, and in that fraction of time the dog is seized.

A good week of, say, six stolen dogs may mean a net profit of £30 to the principal of the thieves. He gains his live material of commerce at no cost except the expense of two assistants, who may be his relatives.

Faked pedigrees

Hardly remarkable, when the risks are slight, that dog-stealing is a growing "industry."

Allied with the stealing is another branch of dishonesty—the faking of pedigrees.

Practically all stolen dogs are resold with pedigrees which naturally are fictitious. The same pedigree may be used for as many as twenty dogs. It is simply a matter of writing out names going back for several generations on an official looking parchment with a printed heading. These pedigree forms can be purchased at so much the dozen from trade sources.

Yet the issue of a pedigree gives the purchaser of a dog some kind of assurance that the dog is really as represented. "There cannot be any doubt about my dog," argues the new owner. "Look at his pedigree, with its registered number."

All fake—and as dishonest as the means by which the dog was secured by the thief, who supplies the salesman, who satisfies the new owner.

How can this traffic in stolen dogs be stopped? That problem is difficult to answer. The organisations that cater for dog owners have held many discussions on the matter, and no really practical suggestions have been offered for remedy.

With their multitude of other and more important duties the police cannot well be expected to hunt down all the dog thieves. Besides, it would be extremely difficult to obtain a conviction unless a thief was observed in "the act."

But the loss to owners in London and other large cities has now become so serious that some real effort should be made to unmask one of the "master" thieves who work in a big way. Police action in only one important case would prove a salutary lesson.

£5,000 FOR A SLOGAN

Five thousand pounds—a world-record prize—must be won in the *Daily Herald's* great Playing Fields Competition. But if you wish to make your bid for it you must *hurry*! The competition is closing shortly.

All you are asked to do is to write a slogan of not more than twelve words that will best advertise the need for more playing fields and open spaces for children.

Help to make the kiddies healthier and happier—and yourself rich. Enter right away. There is an entry form in the *Daily Herald* every day.

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Yes, and how the children love it!

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Dear Sirs,

When I first tried your Bourn-vita I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. To sleep at nights seemed well nigh impossible: morning came finding me more weary and depressed than when I went to bed. However, on chancing to pick up a newspaper, the first thing I noticed was your advert. for Bourn-vita with a free sample Coupon, so without delay I sent for a sample. From the first cupful taken on retiring I seemed to sleep better and felt far more rested in the morning, and decided to continue with my nightly cup. I'm sure, but for Bourn-vita, I could never have carried on.

Yours faithfully (signed), Mrs. M. S.

Last night's **BOURN-VITA** *is helping her now!*

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Bourn-vita is a Cadbury product for digestion, sleep and energy

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IF you want your hair to scintillate as brilliantly as any film star's, use Julysia — the hair controller supreme. Just a little does the trick. Sets every hair in its rightful place without gumming or starching and doesn't leave a mark on hat-bands or pillows. Refreshingly different and cleanest of all. Try it to-day!

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says

Gracie Fields

MISS GRACIE FIELDS, the world-famous Comedienne, writes:—"When girls ask me to recommend for their complexions, I always advise Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. It's grand what a difference it makes to the skin—and it's marvellous how they have combined the Powder and Cream, and even included a mirror on the dainty jar. Just you try it!—it's real champion."

Every Jar is fitted with a dainty mirror. In popular shades everywhere.

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Potter & Moore's BLUSH CREAM is the new ideal cream rouge for use in combination with Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. You really must try them both. Apply the cream rouge first and you will be amazed at the perfect results. The Blush Cream is sold in dainty glass containers for sixpence everywhere.

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Do yourself a good turn—buy a packet of A.G. and roll your own smokes. You'll save money and get better smokes than ever before. A.G. is the *thinner* paper that gives you *all* the flavour of the tobacco you pay for. No paper taste, no chemicals to spoil your smoke. Insist on A.G. in the packet you prefer.

Fits all machines and gives best results.

AG PAPERS
Now packed in 2 styles

THE NEW AUTOMATIC PACK COSTS NO MORE

PLAYING with the Olympic Games!

Hard as our Olympic athletes themselves may strive, they will not accomplish much if the authorities do not do their part

THE nations of the world are making their preparations for the next Olympic Games, fully aware of what tremendous *kudos* success at the greatest of all gatherings of athletes will bring with it.

The Olympiad of 1936 is to be held in Berlin. Some time before the last of these four-yearly international contests, JOHN BULL felt it a duty to exhort the British Olympic Association to strike a timely blow for the fading reputation of British athletics. The response was not forthcoming.

The British party was little more than a haphazard collection of units with nothing behind them but a misplaced official optimism.

As could only be expected, our record at Los Angeles was a sorry one. Yet in the sad story of general failure there was a chapter which the B.O.A. should have read and re-read during the intervening years and borne in mind.

Two years before that Olympiad Tom Hampson, a Berkhamsted schoolmaster, had convinced himself that he was reaching the zenith of his distinguished running career; that he was among the three or four best men in the world at one particular Olympic distance—800 metres

Hampson subordinated himself to a self-imposed and definite plan. He felt that were he to succeed he must become more than a potential winner, a certain one so far as was humanly possible. During the preceding summer he disdained the honour and prizes of the track, except when a race was a part of the studied preparation to which he was subjecting not only his body, but his mind.

So Hampson went to Los Angeles for the first time in his life physically and psychologically keyed up to perfection with a will to win. And, as we know, he won a great victory for his country—and for himself.

Start now!

Now could the B.O.A. wish for any greater inspiration than this in its plans, whatever they are, for Berlin? If any good spadework is being done or is contemplated, is there any need for the B.O.A. to be so secretive? Why should it disregard, as we feel it does, the modern values of publicity?

We assert that the British public, which hitherto has only been considered when an appeal for funds has been necessary, wants solidly to be behind those of our few athletes who we can reasonably hope have a chance of gaining Olympic laurels; that it would welcome the assurance that the spirit of Hampson is being fostered.

There will remain no illusions as to the Olympic results generally. The British public very well knows we have not the resources to finish at the head of the competing nations. That proud position can again be assigned to the United States, our oldest and most friendly of Olympic rivals. America, in fact, has scored most points at every one of the Olympiads of this century.

More concern exists in the opposition from the Continent. There has been a tendency there in recent years to belittle anything British in those sports of ours in which the nations there have themselves become proficient.

This growing tide of ridicule must be stemmed; it can at least be parried if the British Olympic team is one of quality and not of quantity. It is of no use to send men on the off-chance; flukes in international athletics are almost unknown.

Several events, nearly all the field ones, should be left alone. We have not men up to the necessary standard, and the public knows it. So does the B.O.A., but it will not say so.

We urge that if there is a small but powerful British representation, there will not be the opportunity of further hostile criticism, since our failures will not be disproportionate to the few successes we do hope for.

Further, there can be no question of economy this time. Fares will be comparatively infinitesimal. But we must spend what money there is on the right material; and see that this material has from now the unceasing attention of the excellent coaches the country possesses. Then can our athletes go out to battle with a self-confidence which we should like to think the example of Hampson has instilled

We can take a lesson from Luigi Beccati, the Italian who won the Olympic 1,500 metres at Los Angeles. He has already commenced his preparation for Berlin, devoting two hours daily to physical exercises and some running. Even the thirty-seven-year-old Italian hurdler, Facelli, is getting ready for his fourth Olympiad.

Great Britain has the right material. This summer has shown that clearly enough. J. C. Stothard, the Cambridge University middle-distance runner and British half-mile champion, seems very nearly, if not quite, as good as was Hampson at the same stage. Another Light Blue, A. G. K. Brown, is a really great discovery as a quarter-miler.

With the same self-denial as Hampson, Brown did not compete in the recent British championships, preferring, with a laudable sense of loyalty, to save himself for the contest later between Oxford and Cambridge and Yale and Harvard. There he won the quarter-mile by as much as fifteen yards in 48-2 5th secs., only two-fifths of a second outside the British record.

Brown, unfortunately, chose to tour South Africa with the Varsities' team. There he is suffering from muscular trouble, which may always recur. The risk should never have been taken.

W. Roberts, the English quarter-mile champion, is another potential Olympic winner at 400 metres; in fact, he beat Brown a few weeks ago.

With even more optimism we turn to the new British mile champion, S. C. Wooderson, who has twice beaten that great miler, Jack Lovelock, who, of course, will be representing his own country, New Zealand, at Berlin. Wooderson, happily, is already in the hands of Albert Hill, an old Olympic winner at the distance at which Wooderson, we hope, will triumph—1,500 metres. Happily also in that frail physique of Wooderson's is the will to win, the courageous spirit and self-confidence. He will ignore reputations at Berlin, just as he ignored that of Lovelock.

When Stothard won his half-mile title recently, a schoolboy from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, R. Scott, although only just over eighteen, was but very narrowly beaten, himself covering the distance in 1 min. 54 secs., an almost incredible performance for a mere youngster.

Still the same

And not long ago a Lincolnshire schoolboy ran the 100 yards in 10-1 5th secs, and the furlong in 22-4 5th secs. The Suffolk Schools sprint champion also did 10-1/6th secs. for the 100. A Pudsey boy under fifteen recently ran the distance in 10 4 5th secs., while a young Scot still at school actually registered 10 secs.

We only mention these latter performances to show that the youth of to-day is pretty much the same as yesterday. Schoolboy talent seldom develops. Scott is different, for already at eighteen he has proved himself in a championship open to the world.

In the distance races, which include the Marathon, at Berlin we shall have, we hope, our usual worthy representation. There is the same promise among the walkers. Indeed, only recently A. A. C. Cooper, the British two-mile champion, broke a world's record at 3,000 metres which had stood for seventeen years!

Let the B.O.A. move, and move now. Let it take the public into its confidence and there will be no despondency.

We assert that four to six of the track events at Berlin can be won by our athletes if they go there with the confident trust of the nation behind them. That they *must* have.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE PORTADOWN TIMES:—"At midnight light refreshments were SAVED by a willing band of ladies."

AMMAN VALLEY CHRONICLE:—"A well-known and highly respected INQUEST on the body of the late Mr. ——."

KILMARNOCK STANDARD:—"This is the spot where Napoleon stood when he took leave of his Old Guard after his ABDUCTION."

EAST ANGLIAN DAILY TIMES:—"She was removed to the hospital and treated for a fractured left WAIST and other injuries."

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Disease germs abound everywhere, and the slightest pimple or skin abrasion offers an open door to infection. The safest antiseptic and quickest healer is Cuticura Ointment. Get it and use it to-day—to prevent **blood-poisoning**—to eradicate the beginnings of torturing, disfiguring Eczema, Psoriasis or other stubborn skin disease.

How Cuticura Heals

Wash the affected part daily with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery.

Boy's Face a Mass of Scales

"My little boy, three years old, had an awful attack of impetigo. It started with a few spots on his face and the irritation caused it to spread quickly, and in no time his face was a mass of scales. The poor little fellow scratched himself to pieces. For two months I had a terrible time. Then I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. He got great relief, and I am pleased to say they healed him when all else failed, leaving the skin as clear as a bell." (Signed) Mrs. G. Williams, 24, Newport Street, Barrow-in-Furness.

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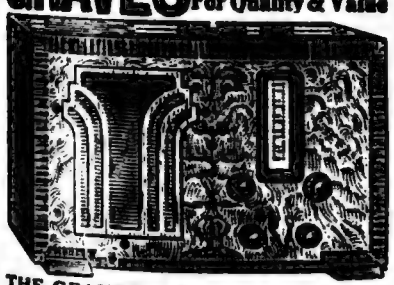

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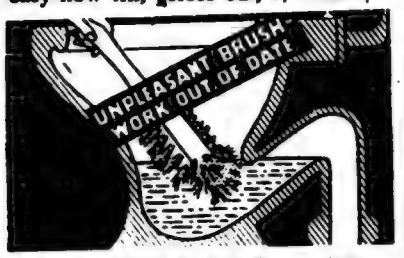
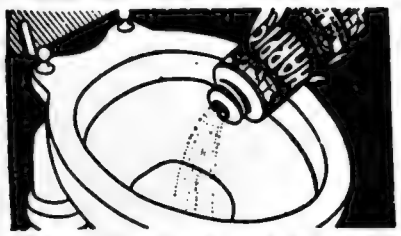


See that hidden bend in the pipe? The brush can't reach the stains there!



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TEMPLETON'S RAZ-MAH Capsules stop wheezing, choking, gasping; make breathing easy; end everlasting cough! cough! cough! enable you to work and sleep in comfort. Safe relief, quickly. In capsules, easy to swallow. Prove RAZ-MAH in your own case. Buy a 3/- or 5/- packet from your chemist; or, for free trial, write Templetron Co., Dept. OJt 80, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.

Sheep are now leaving the town parks — for market, or winter quarters. Butchers have found that town-grazed sheep are fatter than those which have spent the summer in the country

Bye-Bye, Park Sheep!

FALLING leaves and a chill nip in the morning air are not the only signs that autumn is here. The last flocks of sheep are leaving the parks in the big cities and the neighbouring heaths and recreation grounds which have been their summer grazing grounds.

Throughout the length and breadth of England there are few towns with parks possessing any appreciable amount of grass that have not provided summer quarters for some sheep.

In the Spring thousands of them travelled southwards for new pasturage. They came from Scotland and the northern and midland counties. Others travelled eastwards over England from the Welsh mountains.

It is doubtful if any of these sheep will return whence they came. Many will take their final journey to become mutton. Others will go to new homes in various parts of the country. They have been bought by farmers and dealers for lambing.

The sheepdogs who have so faithfully assisted the shepherds to guard their flocks on "foreign" soil will in many instances return alone with their masters to the mountains of Scotland, the Yorkshire moors or the Lakeland fells, as the case may be.

Better markets

Although Scottish sheepdogs come South with a return ticket, Scottish sheep, like the proverbial Scotsman, never return to the land of their birth. There are always better markets to be found in the South.

Modern transport has affected the life of sheep, just as it has done other things. No longer do we find huge flocks being driven slowly stage by stage from the North to South, over the main roads of England.

When a motorist meets a flock of sheep to-day he can be sure that they belong to a local farmer, or that they are being transported from one town to another close by.

Railway companies now undertake the transport of a large number of sheep, and many flocks go by motor lorry.

The sheep travel soon after the lambing season, when the lambs are about three weeks old. That is why speedy transport is important, for if the ewes are too long on the journey there is always the danger that they may collapse and die from exhaustion.

In London during the past summer there have been 1,200 sheep in the Royal parks alone. In other parks the Office of Works leases the grazing to sheep dealers every year.

A newcomer this summer was Mr. Dale Williams, whose home is in North Wales. But sheep were very expensive in the Principality last spring, so only a few of his came to London from Wales. Most of them he bought in the cheaper markets of Leicester and Sheffield, and at Tonbridge and Tenterden, in Kent.

The Kentish flock were Scottish sheep, which had only recently made the journey from the North. For sheep, apparently, are nearly always widely travelled animals. They are seldom sold in the district in which they are reared.

Petted by visitors

Mr. Williams brought his flock to the Royal parks in London last April accompanied by two shepherds and three black and white Welsh collies, one for each park. Their forebears had guarded sheep in the Welsh mountains for generations.

The young lambs soon became the pets of park visitors. One of them, orphaned through the death of the ewe on the southward journey, was brought up on a bottle. It became the pet of a little girl from North London, who visited it daily, bringing fruit and lettuce for it to eat.

Their summer graze over, Mr. Williams' flock is rapidly diminishing now. Apart from those which will go to the butcher, he has sold a number of ewes for lamb raising in Essex. Others will go to new owners in various parts of the South of England. His job now is to transport them to their new owners.

The varied travels of the sheep of the Royal parks is typical of other flocks. One flock which has been grazing on Hampstead Heath throughout the summer came from the North of England and will shortly leave for Kent. Another flock, due to leave the Isle of Sheppey in a few weeks, came from Ambleside in Westmorland in the Spring. Before that they came from Scotland.

Everywhere she went—

Hampstead Heath and the neighbouring Ken Wood are, with the exception of Hainault Forest, the only open spaces owned by the London County Council which are let out for sheep grazing. A number of the suburban parks were used for this purpose, but it was found that the grazing sheep interfered with the children's play and sports.

The sheep are very popular with Ken Wood residents. One woman made friends with a lamb soon after the flock arrived in the spring. It was not long before it began to follow her across the Heath when she took her afternoon walk. Now people are amused to see a fully grown sheep ambling quietly along after her, or patiently awaiting this friend, who never forgets to bring it a nice portion of lettuce.

Some people imagine that sheep are stupid animals, with little intelligence. Shepherds tell quite a different story and say that sheep never forget a kindness or an injury, and that they have a keen sense of time. This is well illustrated by a story told by an observant park-keeper.

An elderly man was in the habit of sitting in the same place in the park each day. It was his custom to arrive about 11 a.m., read his paper until midday, and then to eat his lunch of sandwiches, accompanied by a drink from a thermos flask. One day an old ewe with twin lambs noticed that he had put his packet of sandwiches on the grass beside his chair. Very slowly she came nearer, but every time he moved his head she would back away. Finally he picked up his sandwiches and so ended —at least one would suppose—the ewe's hopes.

But no; next day when the man arrived the ewe was there first. This time it happened to be a very warm day, and after reading his paper for a while the man fell asleep with the newspaper still held between his outstretched hands and the coveted sandwiches on his knee. Suddenly the park-keeper saw the sleeper jump to his feet. The ewe, intent upon seizing the sandwiches, had butted her head right through his paper.

After the old gentleman had recovered from his fright he offered the sheep something to eat. This was the beginning of a lasting friendship, for the ewe arrived on time each morning, and it was not long before he was called upon to feed the two lambs as well as their mother.

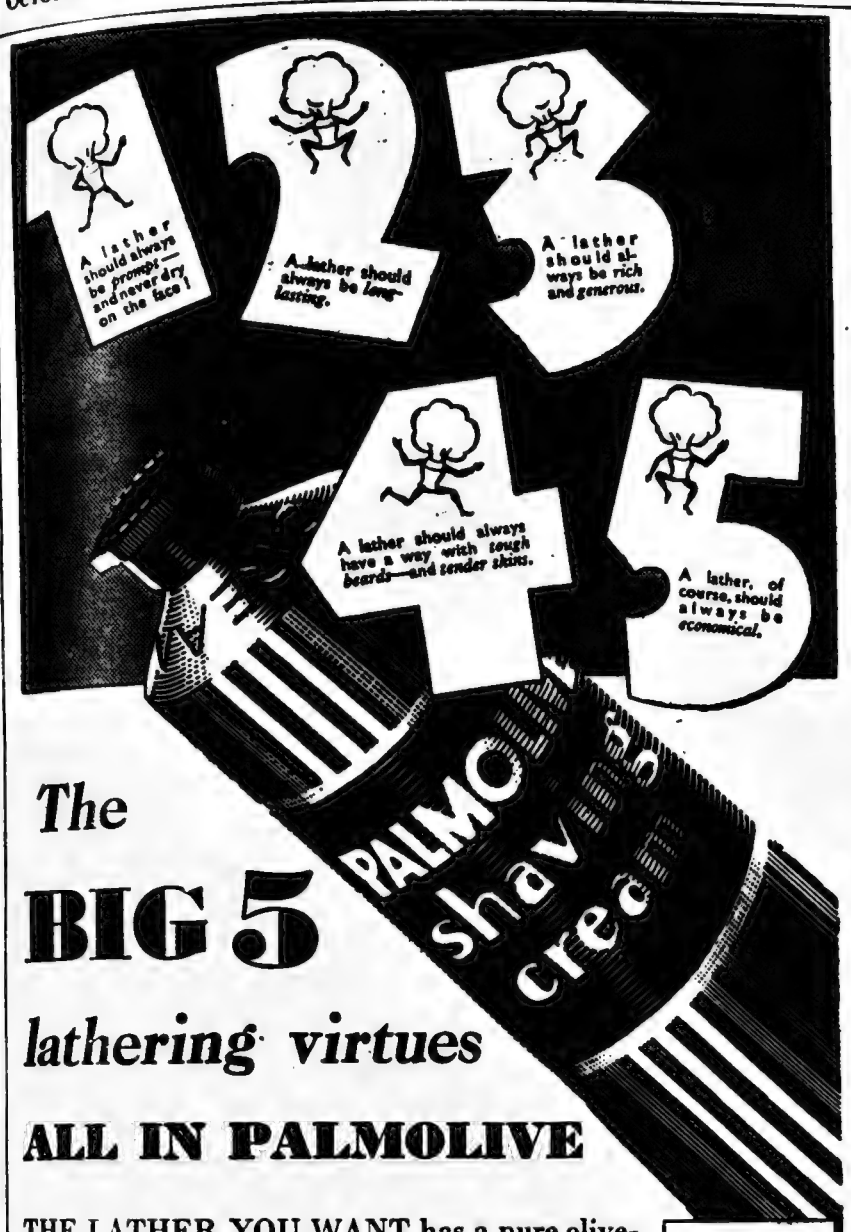
Good for grass

Throughout last month one buyer for a great wholesale combine was purchasing lambs for killing at the rate of 2,000 a week. This buyer said he found the lambs from the London parks the plumpest he had seen. Indeed, this is often the case. Those reared in the parks of the smokiest towns are frequently fatter than those which have spent their summer in more healthy surroundings.

Municipal councils are beginning to realise that not only does sheep grazing in their parks provide them with a useful annual income from the leases, but the grass is improved. And so are the sheep, after even a few days on new pastures.

A large number of the Scottish sheep are transported by boat, as well as by road and rail.

Every year they are sent from Aberdeen and other northern ports to the Port of London, for despatch to parks and recreation grounds all over the South of England. For these flocks the long journey makes water still the cheapest form of transport.



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Some men look forward to a pension when they retire. Others have savings, which will keep them in their old age. But there are many who will have nothing to fall back on when they are too old to work. They will be entirely dependent upon their children or relatives for the bare necessities of life. At a time of life when comfort means so much, they will be eking out an existence on the charity of others.

There is, however, a simple way by which a man can be certain of an income when he gives up work ● By taking out a GUARANTEED INCOME POLICY with the PRUDENTIAL, he can

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Feed Hair Roots daily with Kotalko. Cleanse and soften Hair Follicles once weekly with Kotalko Scalp Soap—the Tonic Shampoo.

"Had Big Bad Patch."

New This New Thick Growth.

"I WAS ALMOST BALD."

SEE DELIGHTED USERS' OWN PHOTOS AND EXPERIENCES that will be sent with your Trial Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Scalp Soap. These will show you that you need not lose your hair or look prematurely aged through baldness.

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Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

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Every Lady should write to-day for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

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ACID STOMACH CAUSES ULCERS

WHAT X-RAYS REVEAL

If you have indigestion, beware of gastric ulcers. They often result from an acid-inflamed condition of the stomach lining; that's why you should be careful of the remedy you use. One which merely stops the pain is not enough; it is most important that the stomach lining itself be healed and protected. To do this, and to get quick relief from indigestion—to neutralise instantly that dangerous, food-fermenting, gas-forming acid—take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after meals or when discomfort is felt.

Recent medical research and X-ray experiments prove that the special ingredients of 'Bisurated' Magnesia are the quickest-acting and most effective known to medical science. The first dose will stop your pain at once! It is the remedy which also spreads a protective film over the sensitive stomach lining and allows the inflamed stomach to heal, thus avoiding the risk of serious gastric trouble. All chemists sell 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA at 1/3. Get a package now and enjoy your food from to-day on without fear of pain!

My Greatest AMBITION

THE palace of my ambition has three pillars, each of them important.

First, I want to be the wife of a good man. I do not care whether he will be clever or noted, or distinguished, if he is true and loves me. For him I will give up everything.

Next, I want a good home, not necessarily smart, but comfortable and clean and happy.

And last, I want two or three bairns to fill the home-nest with childish song and laughter. Then our band will be complete.—*Mabel, Midlands.*

Really Worthy

After months of patient waiting and weeks of strenuous training I have at last achieved my objective and gained a place in the lifeboat crew.

The older members look doubtfully at me—a mere youth of twenty-three. I can tell by the quick glance and occasional shaks of the head that they are wondering how I shall shape when it comes to "real business."

My greatest ambition will be realised when I go out upon the seething waters of the treacherous Channel and prove to my comrades' satisfaction that I am really worthy of their confidence.—*H. B., Cold Knap, Barry.*

Will It?

To live to see the year A.D. 2000, and to usher in a new century—that is my greatest ambition.

Perhaps by then the aeroplane will be the common conveyance, the problem of dangerous roads and traffic accidents will be a thing of the past, and a new problem of traffic control in the air will have arisen to be tackled in its turn.

Possibly the nations of the world will be so efficiently connected by air traffic that all differences of language and opinion will have vanished, taking with them all menace of war. Or will war itself ruin all these possibilities?—*L. E., N.5.*

Larger Sphere

In my charge I have a number of the most interesting creatures in the world. Some are clever, some are dull, but all have redeeming qualities, and all can be reached by one door or another.

They are lads of twelve and thirteen years of age and soon they will be launching out into the wide world. My job, and my greatest ambition, is to train these boys to be good, upright, honest, unselfish men, who will manfully play their part in the larger sphere opening out before them.—*"Master," Wrexham.*

Hard, But—

Since childhood I treasured my ambition, and my mother made great sacrifices before I could even start to see it realised.

Once started, it was hard work—two hours' practice each day and a three-mile walk across fields once a week, in wet weather and in fine, to the old professor for a lesson. The fees were high, and many a time mother gave me her last shilling that I might carry on. . . .

But I succeeded, and now, as pianist in a famous provincial orchestra, I can repay, in a small measure, my mother's efforts on my behalf.—"Lucky," Aintree.

Reclaiming Children

As a social worker among slum boys I found far more interest in young delinquents who had been before the Bench than in my normal charges.

My friendship was accepted with alacrity, and early successes proved, to my mind, that criminals are made and not born.

To-day I am studying hard to realise my latest and greatest ambition—the privileged task of reclaiming children with criminal tendencies and training them for useful citizenship. Could any task be more useful or necessary under modern conditions? I think not.—*"Kabeta," Liverpool.*

Who Knows

"Why hoard these?" asked mother when she rooted out twenty newspaper pictures of the ship. She might have known.

Great-grandad fought with Nelson at Trafalgar; grandad's bones lie somewhere in the Channel; dad is engineer on a tramp collier.

Need one explain why these pictures fascinate me, or why, in imagination, I see myself strutting the deck, rather than sitting at the desk my mother had in mind for me?

My job is now to focus ambition. Who knows—some day I may be captain of a mightier leviathan than the nation's present pride — the *Queen Mary*.—*"Scottie," Notts.*

Dearest Dream

To see poverty and all forms of injustice completely banished from the affairs of men is my greatest ambition.

Many lives are at present blighted by the dark spectre of hunger and want. The cupboard of the world is full, but the greed of men is preventing the free and just distribution of its contents.

To see this state of affairs altered, and a reign of comfort and plenty established, is my dearest dream.—*"Hopeful," Lanark.*

Finest Work

When I am older I want to be a veterinary surgeon, as I consider this is the finest work a man can do.

To diagnose the ailments of our dumb friends, cats, dogs, horses and cows, is really wonderful work, and I shall try to be thoroughly trained, and always patient.

I am passionately fond of animals and my greatest ambition will be to ease their pain and make them well again.—*"George," Denbighshire.*

Rejected—As Yet!

She's turned me down more times than I can count—and pretty conclusively too. But we still get along as good friends and go about together.

I don't blame her—far from it!—she's a sensible girl and any sensible girl would turn me down, because I've got very little besides a blessed sense of humour and a liking for football in muddy weather, to offer any woman.

Nevertheless, my greatest ambition is that one day—the moon'll be blue, probably!—she'll suddenly go crazy and say, "Yes!" when I propose for the umpteenth time.—*"Rejected," Catford.*

Dreadful Doubt

The one ambition of my life is to win back my husband's complete faith. His forgiveness was pathetically easy to win, for he is the kindest, gentlest man alive; but at times I surprise an utterably sad look, and I know what he is worrying about.

Two years ago, after a silly quarrel, I left him; within a few hours I realised how wickedly foolish I had acted, what an awful state he would be in when he found me gone. I could not get back till the next morning, when I found him still clutching the cruel farewell note I had left.

My ambition now is to remove all doubt from his mind—to convince him I have never really ceased to love him.—*T. W., Bedford.*

* * *

When I was a child my uncle, who was a policeman, used to put his helmet on me, saying, "Some day you will wear one." Since then my greatest ambition has been to be a policeman.—*G. L. N., Seaham Harbour.*

With each passing week draws nearer the fulfilment of my greatest ambition—retirement, a small white cottage on the heathered mountainside and a trim little craft of my own on the purple waters of Cardigan Bay.—*R. D. N., Bristol.*

My greatest ambition is to bring up my daughter aged nine and half years to happy and healthy womanhood.—*S. E. E., Brislington.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on October 5

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) MANCHESTER C. v. Stoke.
(2) Preston v. Portsmouth.
(3) SUNDERLAND v. Liverpool.
(4) W.B. Albion v. GRIMSBY.
**(5) ARSENAL v. Blackburn.
(6) BIRMINGHAM v. Chelsea.
(7) Bolton v. MIDDLESBROUGH.
(8) BRENTFORD v. Wednesday.
*(9) DERBY v. Wolverhampton.
(10) Everton v. Aston Villa
(11) Leeds v. HUDDERSFIELD.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) LEICESTER v. Doncaster.
(2) Port Vale v Manchester U.
(3) SHEFFIELD U. v Forest.
*(4) SOUTHAMPTON v. Norwich.
**(5) SWANSEA v Bury.
(6) WEST HAM v. Barnsley.
(7) Bradford v. BLACKPOOL.
(8) BURNLEY v. Newcastle.
(9) CHARLTON v. Bradford C.
(10) FULHAM v Hotspur.
(11) Hull v Plymouth.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

*(1) LUTON v. Cardiff.
(2) NEWPORT v. Q.P. Rangers.
(3) Notts v. READING.
(4) SWINDON v Bristol C.
(5) TORQUAY v. Southend.
(6) ALDERSHOT v. Millwall.
**(7) BOSCOMBE v. Gillingham.
(8) Bristol R. v. C. Palace.
(9) ORIENT v Northampton.
**(10) COVENTRY v. Watford.
(11) EXETER v. Brighton.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) Gateshead v. Wrexham.
(2) HALIFAX v Rochdale.
(3) LINCOLN v. York.
(4) SOUTHPORT v. New Brighton.
**(5) TRANMERE v Rotherham.
*(6) WALSALL v Mansfield.
(7) Accrington v. Chesterfield.
(8) CARLISLE v. Hartlepools.
*(9) CHESTER v. Barrow.
(10) CREWE v Stockport
(11) Darlington v. OLDHAM.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) Queen of South v. MOTHERWELL.
(2) RANGERS v Dunfermline.
(3) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Arbroath.
*(4) ABERDEEN v. Partick.
(5) ALBION ROVERS v. Dundee.
(6) CLYDE v. Ayr.
**(7) HAMILTON v. Hibernian.
(8) HEARTS v. Third Lanark.
(9) Kilmarnock v. CELTIC.
(10) Queen's Park v. Airdrie.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—11 (*A*); Div. II.—5 (*H*); Southern Section—7 (*H*); Northern Section—5 (*H*); Scottish League—7 (*H*) would indicate Huddersfield, Swansea, Boscombe, Tranmere and Hamilton.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, October 8.

How I Spent Last Sunday

An increase in the DIGGER family

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Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. If Kidney or Bladder Trouble makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-tex). Must bring new health and vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3/- at Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's, and all chemists and the guarantee protects you.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

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In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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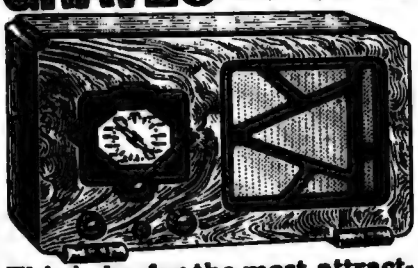

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It is a Set of great power and proved efficiency, simple in operation and dependable in results. Every component is the best of its class, including Iron-Cored Multi-Wire Coils, Double Circuit Tuning, Silver-plated Contact Switches, Full Vision Illuminated Dial, British Valves, 120-volt H.T. Battery, large capacity 2-volt plate type Accumulator, Permanent Magnet Loud Speaker of the new Nickel Aluminium type, All Steel Chassis, Tastefully designed Cabinet in two shades of Walnut: 18½x10x9½. Everything complete, including Aerial and Earth Equipment—nothing else to buy. The whole outfit safely packed & Carriage Paid to destination. **£7.12.0**

Terms: 8/- now and 16 monthly payments of 8/-.

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Mr. A. H. L., of Clapham, S.W. 4, writes:—"I cannot find words more appropriate than to say that I shall come to Graves in the near future and recommend you as I have done since our first transaction. Your 3-Valve Set still gives me hours of entertainment, and I have tried a comparison with numerous others, and can honestly say your product is unsurpassed in tone, (true to life) selectivity, and for trouble-free reception."

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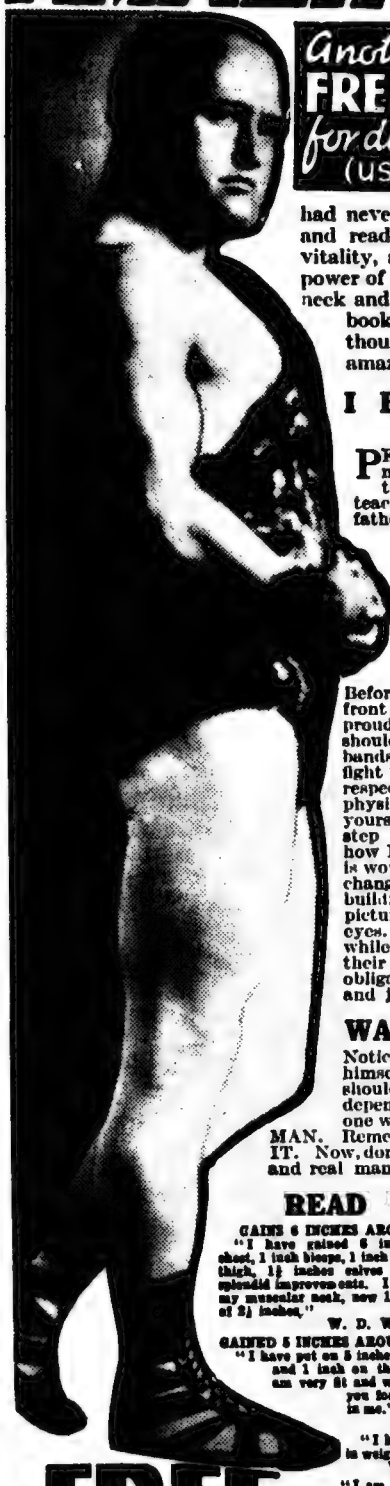

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PAST the 100,000 mark, and still going strong! If you would read something that would stir your very vitals—if you would learn something the like of which you had never even dreamed! Then send for this book and read how YOU can charge your body full of vitality, add five inches to your chest, acquire the power of battering rams in your arms, and develop a neck and legs like pillars! It's all here in this very book explained in detail, and you'll agree like thousands of others have, that it's the most amazing book you have ever seen.

I BUILD STRONG, HANDSOME, HEALTHY BODIES!

PEOPLE call me the Muscle-maker. I make men's bodies strong and healthy. My list of thousands of wonderful successes includes school teachers and lawyers, book-keepers and clerks, grandfathers and grandsons, fat men and skinny men, weaklings and nervous wrecks. By a method of scientific body-building, I go all over your body, strengthening your internal organs, broadening your shoulders, cutting off fat, and generally turning you inside out until you're a healthy, handsome, fighting he-man any woman will be proud of in just thirty days.

MAKE THIS TEST TO-NIGHT!

Before you step into your pyjamas to-night, stand in front of the mirror and look yourself over. Are you proud of the man you see? Is he a strapping, broad-shouldered husky, with arching chest and rippling bands of solid muscles? Would you bet on him in a fight? Be fair to yourself. You can't expect the respect of men or the admiration of women if you're a physical weakling. Let me get to work on that body of yours. Let me build a man who'll be PROUD to step out in a bathing suit. This free book shows how EASY it is. You'll never know what this book is worth to you until you've read it yourself. It may change your entire life. It's a revelation in body-building and muscle-building. It's crammed full of pictures and matter that will make you open your eyes. Thousands of men have thought it worth while to send the "free book" coupon below to get their copies. It won't cost you one penny. No obligation—no salesmen will call. YOU be the judge and jury. Mail the coupon or write—TO-DAY.

WATCH THEM TURN AROUND!

Notice how every woman prefers the fellow who carries himself with head up. Notice how the broad-shouldered man always gets their eye. They want a dependable he-man when they make their choice—one who can protect them, AND YOU CAN BE THAT MAN. Remember, I do not only promise it. I GUARANTEE IT. Now, don't put it off a minute. Get going to new happiness and real manhood to-day! POST THE COUPON TO-DAY.

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GAINS 6 INCHES AROUND CHEST.

"I have gained 6 inches around the chest, 1 inch biceps, 1 inch forearms, 2 inches thigh, 1½ inches calves and many more splendid improvements. I am delighted with my muscular neck, now 15½ inches—a gain of 2½ inches."

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WOULD NEVER WORK AGAIN.

"I am going to tell you something I have not told you before. For two years I was ill and out of bed and the doctor hinted that I may never work again, but after I started your instructions I got work as a hod carrier, going up the ladder all day long with six stone of bricks on my shoulder at a time. I think I am as strong as any man living in my district, and a lot better in health, so I will close with these words, Mr. Briton, I am more than grateful for what you have done for me."

A. CALDER, D.

"The course is really wonderful."

W. SCOTT, G.

"I would not hesitate to recommend you to anyone, as I know that what you are doing for me you can do for anyone else."

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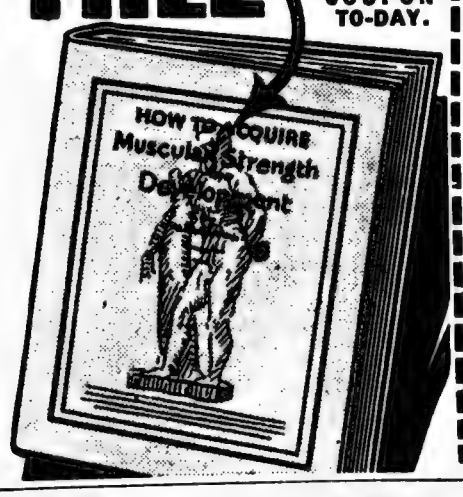

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WRITE DIRECT—NO AGENTS

WHO'S YOUR THIN FRIEND, MARY?

Tell him to take Cod Liver Oil for a couple of months and get enough good, healthy flesh on his bones to look like a real man.

Or tell him he needn't swallow other Liver Oil with its fishy taste, because he can now get the wonderful vitamins of Halibut Liver Oil, which is even better than other Liver Oil, in sugar-coated tablet form.

Tell him to ask for Clotabs. Every chemist sells them at 1/3 and 3/- the bottle. Any man or woman can put on firm, solid, healthy flesh with 30 days' treatment as prescribed or the money will be refunded by the makers.

A little boy who was run-down and under-weight gained 21 lbs. of sturdy flesh. A lady at Wembley who was "always tired" gained new energy and strength. A man who was thoroughly run-down after teeth trouble found immediate improvement and gained at least 3 lbs.

BABY GIRL WAS

BADLY SCALDED

Suffered Terrible Pain Until Mother Applied T.C.P.

"Some time ago, my little baby girl got an awful burn on her left arm," writes Mrs. E.B., Co. Tyrone. "She was suffering terrible pain. I had tried everything, but all in vain. At last a friend gave me a bottle of T.C.P. I applied it at once. Baby seemed to get instant relief. She got her usual sleep that night. Now she is quite well again, and **not even a mark where the burn was.** I will always give T.C.P. my highest praise. It is a real life saver."

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T.C.P. relieves pain instantly, and promotes the fastest, cleanest healing known to Medical Science. Widely recommended by Doctors for **Septic Wounds, Eczema, Boils, Ulcers and Skin Eruptions.** Thousands of testimonials to its amazing curative powers. 1/3 and 3/- from all Chemists. Get a bottle to-day.

THE KID

The Editor Laughs Last

P. E. (Retford).—"Why can't there be peace between the different races?" Because some people will argue with their bookmakers.

HIKER (Clapham).—"Whenever I set out in my shirt and shorts, Dame Nature always smiles." It's a wonder she doesn't laugh outright.

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN (West End).—"Name me something smart in summer collars." A sun-burned neck.

R. M. (Blackpool).—"Many men stay bachelors for the best part of their lives." No matter how early they marry.

T. E. L. (Morecambe).—"What word would you use to describe the noise made by an ascending 'plane?" Uproar!

R. B. (Bristol).—"I judge people as I find them." We judge people as we find them out.

MRS. S. (Charlton).—"I pushed him out of the front door with a floor-mop." You mean, you polished him off?

S. E. N. (Peel).—"What would you call a man who knows all about leg muscles?" A hiker.

BOTANIST (Exeter).—"I have written a book containing 300 pages about roses." You are a bit of a rambler.

CAMPER (Hailsham).—"I awoke feeling half-suffocated, and what do you think had come over me?" We know, the tent.

P. J. (Kennington).—"When I was leaving the hotel the proprietor asked me if I would like some views of the place." And you told him you had your own?

ALVIRA (Lincoln).—"Why ever does the giraffe, for instance, need such a long neck?" Its head's so far away from its body.

HIKER (Streatham).—"The farmer was very angry because we crossed a partly reaped field." You shouldn't have trodden on his corn!

G. N. (Ilford).—"I read that a cricket match was recently played on the roof of a skyscraper in New York." What happened when the umpire called "Over"?

BILL (Strawberry Hill).—"Although my job is driving a bus, I lead an orchestra whenever I am free." So you are a conductor in your spare time!

HOLIDAYMAKER (Deal).—"The average boarding-house sitting-room is not so dusty." Till you sit down too heavily on the sofa.

PUBLICAN (Preston).—"The average man is so confident of his capacity that when he gets drunk he is amazed." Not to say positively staggered.

JOHN S. (Newcastle).—"My wife has no sense of humour. The moment one of my jackets is torn or frayed she puts it out of the house." She will not tolerate the slightest rag, eh?

CURIOUS (Berwick).—"What is the name for a person who knows all about the hundreds of nerve centres that are in the human fingers?" Amateur picture-hanger.

INDIGNANT (Salford).—"The dealer told me that the dog he sold me was splendid for rats, but the animal won't even touch them." Well—isn't that splendid for the rats?

CLUBMAN (Piccadilly).—"A friend and I play a game of bridge at a Turkish bath every day to determine who shall get the services of the best attendant." And who usually wins the rubber?

H. L. (Holborn).—"The heat in the telephone box was so oppressive that it was only by rushing into the open air that I stopped myself fainting." That was a close call.

CRICKETER (Manchester).—"I proposed while standing at the small wooden gate leading to my fiancée's house." Still, we hope you have done *some* sensible things at the wicket.

GEORGE (Dundee).—"When I suddenly lost all my hair, one of the first things I did was to give away my brush and comb." You parted with them because you could no longer part with them.

G. K. (Iver).—"It is now possible to cool the atmosphere of an entire house by means of a special apparatus." Another method is for a man to arrive home with a blonde hair on his sleeve and greet his brunette spouse with a cheery "Glad to see me back, dear?"

DOCTOR (Mersey).—"Ear troubles are often the result of not keeping the mouth shut." Particularly the thick ear.

C. V. (Torquay).—"In this part a little sun soon plays havoc with a lawn." So does a little son.

AMATEUR (Lynn).—"What can I get a good second-hand greenhouse for?" Growing plants in.

R. U. (Calshot).—"Many people have to be thankful that strings were pulled at the right time." Parachutists, of course.

HIKER (Enfield).—"The old type of English innkeeper is nowadays only prominent in one place." He always was!

P. L. T. (Hampton).—"I find that bending over an office desk each day lessens one's powers of endurance." The more you sit, the less you can stand!

NERVOUS (Blackheath). — "Can you think of anything more difficult than popping the question?" Yes, questioning the Pop!

SUSAN (Wembley).—"Who, other than a beginner at school, would say that eighteen times ten was ninety?" A beginner at golf.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The rplies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

D. P. (Reading).—"Green painted rooms look very cold." Yes, they want another coat.

SINGER (Bloomsbury).—"I have revised and improved my book on voice production." Better volume?

DENTIST (Widnes).—"My work can be very amusing at times." A perfect scream?

LODGER (Rhyl).—"My landlady seems to give us nothing to eat but bully beef and pineapple chunks." A good square meal, anyhow!

MAGNATE (City).—"My friends used to call me rude; but now that I am rich . . ." . . . They say you're delightfully witty!

FATHER (Shoreditch).—"My boy would rather be an all-in wrestler than join the King's Navy!" He prefers the *half*-nelson.

E. L. (Gosport).—"I wonder why my neighbour has taken her eldest daughter to Sweden." Possibly because it's a match-making country.

SCIENTIST (Southampton).—"The average angler cannot imagine what unbelievable monsters lurk in the deep." Oh, can't he?

BUSINESS (London, E.C.).—"Anybody who arrives at my office with complaints is given a tactful miss." The lady secretary?

B. D. W. (Gloucester).—"I always bend double a little while after eating fresh summer fruit." You shouldn't be so greedy.

WRESTLER (Caterham).—"I find that wrestling is very beneficial to the health." A grapple a day keeps the doctor away, so to speak.

MOTORIST (Woking).—"How much petrol does your car carry?" Just enough to take us about five miles from the nearest pump.

R. S. (Perth).—"All the members of our shooting party on the moors wore plus-fours." You made sure of big bags before you started?

AUTHOR (Chelsea).—"If you had a letter, an article and a speech to write all in one night, what would you take in hand first?" Our pen.

S. F. (Portsmouth).—"The average man would make a poor explorer—he couldn't keep a diary to begin with." Oh, we could—to begin with.

G. N. (Hendon).—"I teach physical culture and I have now many more clients than I had a year ago." Your business is developing.

TRAVELLER (Bradford).—"There is more undeveloped territory in the world than most people realise." That's not the way the wife puts it. She merely says that the garden looks a perfect disgrace.

J. C. P. (Beckenham).—"Why do they hold the Radio Show so early?" Perhaps to keep clear of *our* show of Radio. We're offering 50 wonderful instruments on page 43.

MAKE-UP MAN (Elstree).—"When I prepare film actors for old men's parts I let them have a great deal of valuable advice on how they should act." You give them lots of wrinkles?

D. F. (Manchester).—"I see that a former cricket ground is to have soldiers' quarters erected on it." We don't suppose this will be its first experience of barracking.

SPORT (Windsor).—"Several stones were flung by the audience at an American all-in wrestling match." One of the contestants flung thirteen back—in the shape of his opponent.

FRED (Danby).—"My friend puzzled me by sending me a sheet of blank paper and when I asked him to explain he said it was only a joke." You, of course, couldn't see it.

MRS. L. (Gateshead).—"When my husband comes home early in the morning after a night out I never give him any breakfast." We don't suppose he wants any.

Many replies unavoidably held over

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

gives to all

Asthma & Bronchitis sufferers

INSTANT RELIEF

CONVINCING TESTIMONY

Mr. H. R. of Leeds writes:—"I wish to say I was a Chronic Case of Bronchial Asthma. I am now, thanks to your Asthma Cure, a changed man, no more terrible attacks at night, no more nerve racking coughs. It was first recommended to my wife by a local chemist after I had been paying 5/- a bottle for another so-called remedy and 3 bottles a week; now, one tin of Potter's is all I need keep by me. Whilst a patient in one of our Military Hospitals I was allowed to use Potter's Asthma Cure freely. You may make whatever use of this testimonial you like."

Thousands of sufferers have proved that Potter's Asthma Cure conquers the terrible symptoms of Asthma and Bronchitis—*paroxysms of coughing at night, gasping for breath, tightness across the chest, sleepless nights and wearisome days.* If you suffer in this way the one remedy for you is Potter's. Free from harmful drugs, does not cause headache. It is the safest and most reliable remedy you can obtain.

Think what these magical words mean to you. By simply inhaling the pleasant fumes of Potter's Asthma Cure those paroxysms of coughing, feelings of suffocation and frantic struggles for breath all disappear immediately. Once again you can enjoy life, go about your usual occupation and be sure of a restful and refreshing night's sleep, which is so essential to maintaining your strength. Don't forget **instant relief** is yours—go straight to your chemist and be sure you get **Potter's Asthma Cure.**

To be prepared against future attacks always keep a tin of Potter's in the home—you never know when you may need it. Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Whooping Cough, Hay Fever, Wheeziness and other lung and chest troubles are all instantly relieved by Potter's Asthma Cure.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

TO ALL OUTDOOR WORKERS

Although you may be subject to Asthma or Bronchitis and obliged by the nature of your work to be outdoors in all kinds of weather, you can still obtain immediate relief by smoking Potter's Asthma Cigarettes, or if a pipe smoker, then try the Smoking Mixture. Be sure that you always have a supply with you. Chemists and Stores everywhere sell them.

"GIRLS! HERE'S A NEW BEAUTY TRICK FROM PARIS"

"Smart French women have just started an entirely new vogue in face powder," says Mlle. Yvonne L . . . . . , a mannequin of one of the leading Paris dressmakers. "One application of this new powder in the morning gives a wonderful 'matt' finish to the skin that lasts all day. Yesterday I was at the races all the afternoon—out in the wind and rain—and my complexion was as fresh and lovely as when I left my dressing-table." The secret is the new ingredient called 'Double Mousse', now combined by a patent process in Poudre Tokalon. It makes the powder moisture-proof. Your skin cannot become shiny when you use Poudre Tokalon. Even perspiration from dancing for hours in a hot room will not spoil the smooth rose-petal loveliness it gives. Get a box of the new Poudre Tokalon to-day. If you are not delighted with the fresh girlish complexion it gives you, your money refunded in full. 6d. & 1/-

How old do you look with your hat off?

If you are on the way to baldness you are sadly conscious that, no matter how young you look with your hat on, you look ten years older with it off. You will continue to do so until you stop scalp starvation. For that, and that alone, is the cause of falling hair. It can only be stopped by supplying the scalp with its natural food.

Until Pure Silvikrin was invented by the famous biologist, Dr. Weidner, the only known source of natural hair food was the human system. After years of research Dr. Weidner was able to concentrate into a stable solution the 14 essential constituents of healthy hair; and to prove, to the satisfaction of fellow-scientists, that by massaging this solution into the scalp, hair could be made to grow again.

That is why, if Silvikrin doesn't succeed, nothing else will. For Silvikrin is *natural* hair food identical with that which the system itself normally feeds the scalp.

One day you will have to revert to Pure Silvikrin.

So why not start now? Get a 6/- bottle—which will last a month—from your chemist, hairdresser or store.

"NEVER BELIEVED IN ANYTHING"

F.S., Houghton-le-Spring, writes: "My hair is growing again! Before using Silvikrin I never believed in anything for the growth of the hair, but I must admit I do now."

Silvikrin

THE NATURAL HAIR FOOD

goes to the root of hair trouble

Obtainable at all Chemists (including Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites), Hairdressers and Stores.

LADIES & GENTLEMEN! If you take pride in your hair, use Silvikrin Hair Conditioning Lotion. **1/6 and 3/6.**

3-26-e

YOU TOO CAN BANISH RHEUMATISM

My patient has been taking URACE brand TABLETS as directed, and wishes me to say her Rheumatism has almost gone. She says they are like a tonic F. R——, District Nurse. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

TIN OF BOOT POLISH and POLISHING CLOTH—*FREE!*

Don't overlook this generous offer on p. 29. To get this amazing Gift, simply fill in the Coupon in John White's Impregnable Footwear advt. on page 29.

GREATEST PENSION • plus • FORTUNE OFFER

POST YOUR ENTRY BY WED., OCTOBER 9!

A FEW more days and JOHN BULL's monster £300,000 Crossword Celebration Offer will be a finished page of Competition history and its mighty opportunities beyond your reach. Yes, that huge Life Pension of £8 a week and that fortune of £1,500—with the alternative choice of the huge sum of £4,000 in cash—can only be yours if you get busy on your squares without delay.

Over 70 JOHN BULL Crossword Contests have already been won outright, and by capturing our 320th First Prize single-handed, Mrs. E. Furness, 25, Travis Street, Burnley, added her name to the long roll of woman solvers. More than 20 outright winners of JOHN BULL Crosswords are already drawing Life Pensions—and here is your last opportunity to secure the biggest ever offered!

Even if you just miss a First Prize Solution, your reward may still be an outstanding one, for the fine extra sum of £1,000 is to be divided between Runners-up as announced above.

With so much depending upon your consideration of our Compiler's common-sense Clues, let your bid for success be determined and careful. If you have already filled in some squares for this contest, look through the problem again to-day. At a first reading you may have missed some important point about one or two of the Clues, and it may well pay you to put your second thoughts on further squares. Remember—you are allowed, for this Contest only, one Free-entry Coupon with each three paid coupons.

If you have yet to fill up your squares, you have no time to lose. To bring JOHN BULL's Joy Wire to your door on Friday, October 18, you must get your entry to Long Acre by noon on Thursday, October 10.

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE

For this Special Contest only you may enter as many coupons as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. Other coupons appeared in last week's "John Bull." For further squares send penny postcard to "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of coupons (each with two squares) required.

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. For six squares send ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE. With each set of 3 paid sixpenny (or prize) coupons bearing same name and address and enclosed in same envelope, entrant is allowed one FREE 6d. ENTRY consisting of two squares. Larger entries proportionately—one free with each three paid. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it / & Co./: write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, October 10, 1935.

2.—Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered or not given in ink the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and Solution of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 24, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, November 5, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £600 to be divided between the Runners-up. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £4,000 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter the competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £8 weekly and £1,500 in cash (or a lump sum of £4,000) for a correct Solution on one square of the puzzle. Failing a correct Solution the prize will be awarded to the sender whose entry is the nearest correct Solution. An additional £600 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning Solution. An extra bonus of £400 will be shared by Runners-up from whom we have received four or more entries (eight squares including two free) in one envelope. Solution of puzzle and winner will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 24.

SOLUTION OF X-WORD No. 323.

Winners in Crossword No. 322 appear on page 29. Winners in Crossword No. 323 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 323 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims for prizes are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

JB 323

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's First Prize winner usually purchases "John Bull."

STUDY THESE CLUES CAREFULLY

ACROSS

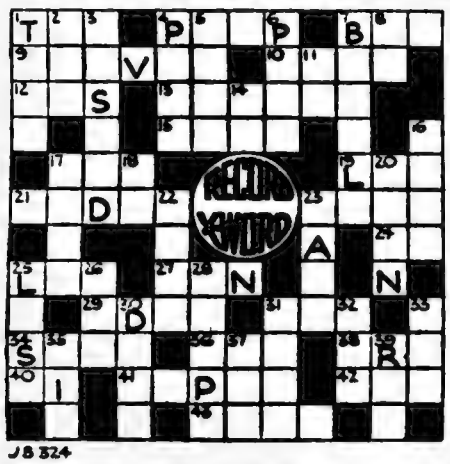
1. Boy's name found by splitting atom
4. Is much used in modern industries
7. Wrong sort of companions for young fellow
9. These produce salad oil
10. Burden that's sometimes on us
12. Sit the wrong way round
13. You'll have one for regular travel
15. Slower than a gallop
17. Dad gets in rain—or in "The Sun"
19. A meadow that's in clearing
21. Roundabout's cheerful ones attract attention
23. A form of tax
24. Both ends of erasers in desk
25. Three letters but only half letter
27. Large vase in furniture
29. Keep away from this on cliff
31. Begins wedding and ends widowed
34. Shines in sky, or on stage
36. Always in cash, sometimes on carpet
38. It's an age
40. Half sigh that starts silently
41. If all had this daily, doctors would suffer
42. You sing this and breathe it
43. Your breath goes out when you do this

DOWN

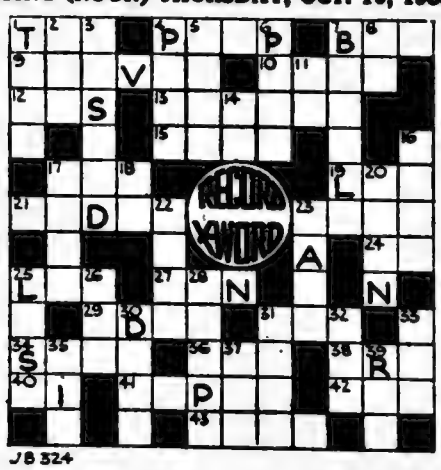
1. Should be considered before giving bookie your money
2. Solid with ends cut off
3. Shop-window that's this means lost trade
4. Youngster who's this irritates people
5. One who uses is this
6. Dad catches it if he misses this
7. Clumsy person makes when tying parcel
8. In cask and in glass
11. She said this a thousand times to villain
14. Only vowels in chaos
16. Are being sought, to kill still more swiftly
17. Good one makes troubles vanish
18. Both ends of tale
20. It's odd if it isn't this
22. Don't employ a man who's this
23. Bathers go in this during heat-wave
25. Bad luck makes farmer put up with this
26. Gets drunk every afternoon
28. Farmer sows and later does this
30. Outcome of many a match is this
31. Saying this means "Stop the syphon!"
32. Dear has been cut short
33. One can see this in the air
35. Should be put away carefully
37. Slim reduced
39. Mending this can be delicate job

FREE HELP Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 6 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 324—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 10, 1935



JB 324



JB 324

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ALONG THESE DOTTED LINES

YOUR FREE-ENTRY COUPON

AND TWO FURTHER SIXPENNY ENTRY COUPONS ON OPPOSITE PAGE

CELEBRATES "JOHN BULL'S" £300,000 TOTAL OF X-WORD PRIZES

£600 HUGE PRIZE BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS UP

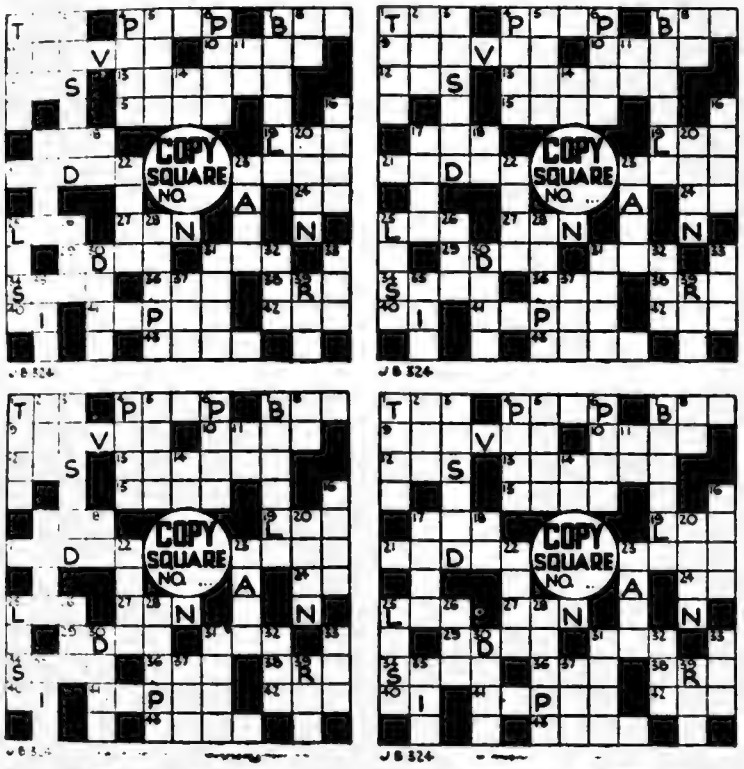
BIG CASH BONUS £400

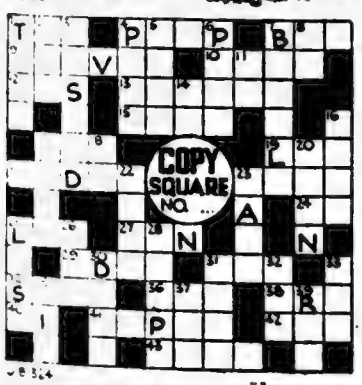
to be divided between Runners-up from whom "John Bull" receives 4 or more entries (8 squares including 2 FREE) in one envelope.

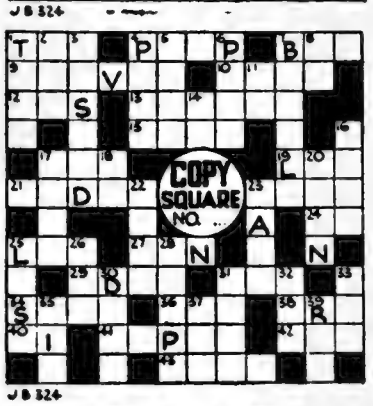
CLOSING OCT 10

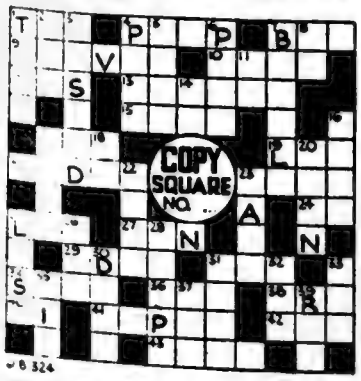
KEEP YOUR COPIES ON SQUARES BELOW

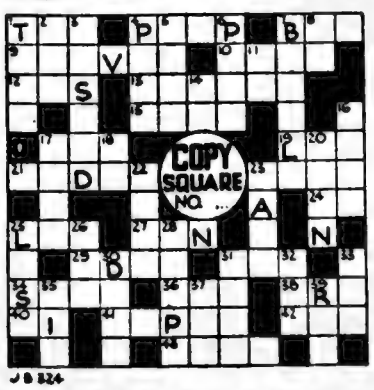
These squares will NOT be accepted as entries.











ENTRY FEE

For two squares, send P.O. for 6d.; for four squares, send 1s.; for six squares, send 1s. 6d., entitling you to enclose one FREE-ENTRY coupon bearing two extra squares. See Rule 1.

ADDRESS ENTRY

"John Bull" Crossword No. 324,
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

REMEMBER YOUR FREE-ENTRY COUPON

The two entry squares on this fourth coupon are FREE, provided it is enclosed in the same envelope with three other paid (or prize) coupons from same entrant.

AVAILABLE ONLY UNTIL THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 324—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 10, 1935

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

P.O. value ..... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

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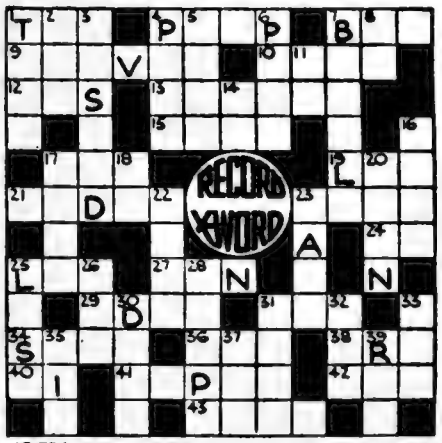
CUT ALONG THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 324—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 10, 1935



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 6 Squares 1s. 6d.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

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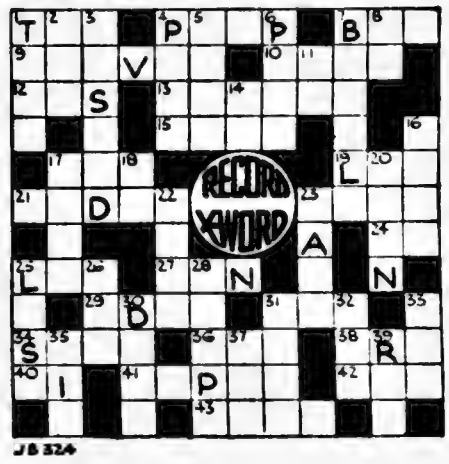
CUT ALONG THESE DOTTED LINES

FREE ENTRY COUPON

Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 324, and if used as directed with 3 paid-entry or prize coupons.



FREE COUPON for use as directed

I enclose THREE paid-entry or prize coupons for Crossword No. 324, and claim this FREE ENTRY accordingly. I agree to all rules and conditions.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED — ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED.

How to Win JOHN BULL'S BIGGEST-EVER CROSSWORD

Don't miss the vital words—words that may make you independent for life. Let *Guide and Ideas* help you to win the colossal fortune offered in JOHN BULL'S Biggest Ever Crossword. Study and profit by the special articles, expert advice, solutions and complete analysis in Monday's *Guide and Ideas.* This issue also contains unrivalled advice for Bullets, Doublits, Nutshells, Roundabouts, and Crossword Contests with prizes totalling *over £14,000 !* Take the first step towards winning a fortune, and order *Guide and Ideas,* the bright home weekly for all the family.

BEST for FOOTBALL FORECASTS

Guide and Ideas experts give best forecasts covering all Pools and Plain Coupons.

RACING

Special selections and naps for the week's racing.

BULLETS

Guide and Ideas contains special hints and advice for Bulleteers. Every week our readers are winning handsome cash prizes in this popular contest.

Guide & Ideas

FOR COMPETITORS

EVERY MONDAY 2d

Another HOUSE that "JOHN" BUILT

"Let's show you round . . ."

HIGH up on a hill, just within the borders of Burton-on-Trent, a pleasant house looks out on open fields.

It was there I went in response to an invitation from Mr. R. A. Ward, Verulam, Reservoir Road, Burton-on-Trent, writes a JOHN BULL representative.

"I've always longed to get back into country air and amongst the green fields," he told me. "But we'd never have been able to get here without *Bullets.*"

* * *

Then Mr. Ward reminded me of my call just before last Christmas at his previous home in the centre of the city—30, Carlton Street, Burton-on-Trent.

I had gone there with congratulations on his £500 success in our *Bullets* Competition No. 963 with that well-remembered winner, ALL THE NICE GIRLS—"CRYSTALLIZED" INTO "MY SWEET."

"One of the first things I did with that cheque was to pay off the instalments on that house," he told me. "Then I was able to sell it and build this new home. Every brick in it is ours, too."

"Let's show you round," suggested Mrs. Ward. "You'll see we've been able to make it a real labour-saving home as well as a comfortable one.

"Housework's wonderfully easy and pleasant now," she assured me. "Look at this splendid hot-water system. And then there's this fine new electric stove."

Wives who would not exchange houses with Mr. and Mrs. Ward must be few. And the fun of planning this new home together, I learnt, has been an experience they would not have missed for worlds.

They took me out to the garden where their youngster was playing—and what a garden it is. Into it you could place half the street in which Mr. Ward was living before.

It took Mr. Ward four years of steady plodding in *Bullets* to win that £500 key to his home on the hill, and his advice to others seeking a *Bullets* house of their own is simply taken from his own experience.

"When I entered only occasionally," he reminded me, "I had no success. But when I decided to stick to it every week, win or lose, I started to win. Yes, the way to succeed is to take *Bullets* seriously."

* * *

Do you realise that within six months of to-day you could be living in a brand new *Bullets* home of your own, built with the help of this week's £600 First Prize?

Peep into the future—and see yourself and your family in a fine new house like Mr. and Mrs. Ward are enjoying. Then come speedily back to the present and see that by Saturday, October 12, you have placed some *Bullets* before the adjudicators.

GET THIS "PRIZE" EVERY THURSDAY

There is always one weekly visitor specially welcome at Mr. Ward's new home on the hill. That is *Bullets Bulletin*, the invaluable little guide to the prize-list to which this £500 winner attributes a large measure of his success.

"It's like a weekly tonic," says Mr. Ward. "With its cheerful tone, it brightens you up wonderfully and gives you new ideas."

Full of Competition news and helpful hints, this cheerful weekly is a prize in itself—and a copy can be delivered to your door every Thursday for the mere cost of its ½d. weekly postage. All you have to do to secure this splendid free help is to post off the Easy Registration Coupon on the next page.

RESULT of COMPETITION No. 999

First Prize—£700 and Millionaire's Week-end for two:

F. T. LICENCE, 50, Leyburne Road, Dover.

Example: OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN

Bullet: AROMA, A ROMANCE AROSE.

£150 and Millionaire's Week-end:

F. J. WOODWARD, 131, Gorseway, Romford.
Example: Italy *v.* Abyssinia
Bullet: Before "Mr. Justice World."

£100 and Millionaire's Week-end:

Mrs. WORTHINGTON, 1, Nile Street, Sheffield.
Example: Dull Dog
Bullet: Gay Puss—Cat-and-dog Life.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

£50 and Millionaire's Week-end:

C. CROPLEY, 23, Chase Cross Road, Romford.
Example: Bits And Pieces
Bullet: But Car "Wholly" Ours!

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

L. J. BRAND, 66, Newark Road, Luton.
Shattered The Silence—"Henry—You're *Thinking* Something!"

L. H. CAVE, 1a Squadron, R.A.F., Boscombe Down, Wilts.
Vanished—Explorer, Into Thin *Bear!*

R. R. CARNER, 323 St. Helens Road, Leigh, Lancs.
Scared—Workers—Foreman With "Sheet."

M. GREIG, Williams' Cottages, Alphamstone.
"What, Again?"—Magistrate Sadly "Recognises Failure."

W. A. LESTER, 43, Victor Street, Walsall.
Plunged Into Darkness—Polly, After "Enlightening" Auntie.

L. LYNDEN, 2, Market Buildings, Plymouth.
Tragic Scene—Thames' Reflection, The "Footlights."

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£5 PLUS RADIO · 10 or £4 PLUS RADIO

10 or £3 PLUS RADIO · 25 or £1 PLUS RADIO

500 of 2/6

2,000 "Red Seal" Targets

8,000 "Target" Prizes

This week Only

50 £9.19.6 "PHILIPS" **RADIO SETS** suitable for either A.C. or D.C. Mains, fully guaranteed by makers . . . one with each prize of £1 and over.

1002

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IN WAR'S HURRICANE
HAND OF THE ASSASSIN
WALKING OUT
SHOCK OF HIS LIFE
WHITE FACES
AT GENEVA'S FIRE-STATION
GLARE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS
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THE TEMPTER
DAREN'T SPEAK
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KEEN TO START
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WHEN DRIVEN
WE MAY BE CIVILISED, BUT
DEFYING THE LAW

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with "Bullets" and Crosswords!

USE THIS COUPON

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

If you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.

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EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
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(1,002) Closing SAT., Oct. 12.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
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(1,002) Closing SAT., Oct. 12.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
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The original cheque for £650 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 996 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Mersler, Bohemia Place Post Office, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,002 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,002, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

How to Win JOHN BULL'S BIGGEST-EVER CROSSWORD

Don't miss the vital words—words that may make you independent for life. Let *Guide and Ideas* help you to win the colossal fortune offered in JOHN BULL'S Biggest Ever Crossword. Study and profit by the special articles, expert advice, solutions and complete analysis in Monday's *Guide and Ideas.* This issue also contains unrivalled advice for Bullets, Doublits, Nutshells, Roundabouts, and Crossword Contests with prizes totalling *over £14,000 !* Take the first step towards winning a fortune, and order *Guide and Ideas,* the bright home weekly for all the family.

BEST for FOOTBALL FORECASTS

Guide and Ideas experts give best forecasts covering all Pools and Plain Coupons.

RACING

Special selections and naps for the week's racing.

BULLETS

Guide and Ideas contains special hints and advice for Bulleteers. Every week our readers are winning handsome cash prizes in this popular contest.

Guide & Ideas

FOR COMPETITORS

EVERY MONDAY 2d

Another HOUSE that "JOHN" BUILT

"Let's show you round . . ."

HIGH up on a hill, just within the borders of Burton - on - Trent, a pleasant house looks out on open fields.

It was there I went in response to an invitation from Mr. R. A. Ward, Verulam, Reservoir Road, Burton-on-Trent, writes a JOHN BULL representative.

"I've always longed to get back into country air and amongst the green fields," he told me. "But we'd never have been able to get here without *Bullets.*"

* * *

Then Mr. Ward reminded me of my call just before last Christmas at his previous home in the centre of the city—30, Carlton Street, Burton-on-Trent.

I had gone there with congratulations on his £500 success in our *Bullets* Competition No. 963 with that well-remembered winner, ALL THE NICE GIRLS—"CRYSTALLIZED" INTO "MY SWEET."

"One of the first things I did with that cheque was to pay off the instalments on that house," he told me. "Then I was able to sell it and build this new home. Every brick in it is ours, too."

"Let's show you round," suggested Mrs. Ward. 'You'll see we've been able to make it a real labour-saving home as well as a comfortable one.

"Housework's wonderfully easy and pleasant now," she assured me. "Look at this splendid hot-water system. And then there's this fine new electric stove."

Wives who would not exchange houses with Mr. and Mrs. Ward must be few. And the fun of planning this new home together, I learnt, has been an experience they would not have missed for worlds.

They took me out to the garden where their youngster was playing—and what a garden it is. Into it you could place half the street in which Mr. Ward was living before.

It took Mr. Ward four years of steady plodding in *Bullets* to win that £500 key to his home on the hill, and his advice to others seeking a *Bullets* house of their own is simply taken from his own experience.

"When I entered only occasionally," he reminded me, "I had no success. But when I decided to stick to it every week, win or lose, I started to win. Yes, the way to succeed is to take *Bullets* seriously."

* * *

Do you realise that within six months of to-day you could be living in a brand new *Bullets* home of your own, built with the help of this week's £600 First Prize?

Peep into the future—and see yourself and your family in a fine new house like Mr. and Mrs. Ward are enjoying. Then come speedily back to the present and see that by Saturday, October 12, you have placed some *Bullets* before the adjudicators.

GET THIS "PRIZE" EVERY THURSDAY

There is always one weekly visitor specially welcome at Mr. Ward's new home on the hill. That is *Bullets Bulletin,* the invaluable little guide to the prize-list to which this £500 winner attributes a large measure of his success.

"It's like a weekly tonic," says Mr. Ward. "With its cheerful tone, it brightens you up wonderfully and gives you new ideas."

Full of Competition news and helpful hints, this cheerful weekly is a prize in itself—and a copy can be delivered to your door every Thursday for the mere cost of its ½d. weekly postage. All you have to do to secure this splendid free help is to post off the Easy Registration Coupon on the next page.

RESULT of COMPETITION No. 999

First Prize—£700 and Millionaire's Week-end for two:

F. T. LICENCE, 50, Leyburne Road, Dover.

Example: OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN

Bullet: AROMA, A ROMANCE AROSE.

£150 and Millionaire's Week-end:

F. J. WOODWARD, 131, Gorseway, Romford.
Example: Italy v. Abyssinia
Bullet: Before "Mr. Justice World."

£100 and Millionaire's Week-end:

Mrs. WORTHINGTON, 1, Nile Street, Sheffield.
Example: Dull Dog
Bullet: Gay Puss—Cat-and-dog Life.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

£50 and Millionaire's Week-end:

C. CROPLEY, 23, Chase Cross Road, Romford.
Example: Bits And Pieces
Bullet: But Car "Wholly" Ours!

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

L. J. BRAND, 66, Newark Road, Luton.
Shattered The Silence — "Henry — You're *Thinking* Something!"

L. H. CAVE, 1a Squadron, R.A.F., Boscombe Down, Wilts.
Vanished—Explorer, Into Thin *Bear!*

R. R. GARNER, 323 St. Helens Road, Leigh, Lancs.
Scared—Workers—Foreman With "Sheet."

M. GREIG, Williams' Cottages, Alphamstone.
"What, Again?"—Magistrate Sadly "Recognises Failure."

W. A. LESTER, 43, Victor Street, Walsall.
Plunged Into Darkness—Polly, After "Enlightening' Auntie.

L. LYNDEN, 2, Market Buildings, Plymouth.
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Address .....

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Elasto

REGISTERED

This wonderful BIOLOGICAL REMEDY will save you POUNDS

Saved Mrs. Miller from years of pain

THANKS!

Thousands of people all over the country are recommending Elasto. We have abundant evidence of this and we hereby extend our cordial thanks and good wishes to this happy band of Elasto enthusiasts.

Elasto can save you too!

Described as a Miracle

I WISH to tell you how much Elasto has done for me. I was almost a cripple and went through terrible agony with arthritis; I thought I would never walk properly again. I have taken two bottles of Elasto and am completely cured. My neighbours say it is a miracle. Elasto has also cured my piles of long standing. I shall never be without a bottle of Elasto in the house.

M.1112. (*Signed*) Mrs. A. MILLER.

What Other Users of Elasto say:—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arteriosclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Now free from piles."
"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto." Etc.

Take Elasto for:—

Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Poor Blood, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all those troubles known as bad leg, Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Not Magic, But Acts Like It!

For All "John Bull" Readers

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 15.E), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

WARNING.—*Elasto is prepared by a special process known only to the proprietors. It is sheer waste of money to purchase so-called imitations. Beware of them!*

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—are deficiency diseases; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain vital constituents of the blood.

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition, and a state of flabbiness results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Elasto Cures Through The Blood!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming relaxed conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity *Nature's own laws of healing.* Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Not Magic—Just Logic

In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault, and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running, like a deep fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building, and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health *must* result. This is precisely what Elasto, the Wonderful Biological Remedy, is designed to do; it is actually what Elasto does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science. No drugs; no adhesive bandages: *Elasto Cures Through the Blood!*

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Trial Sample of Elasto ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 15.E), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(*Please Print in Capital Letters*)
ADDRESS.....
.....
.....
John Bull 5/10/35.

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!

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